

THE ARGOSY

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AN IDEA AND A FORTUNE.

BY OWEN HACKETT.

WITH their backs toward Placer Notch two young men of about twenty one, burdened with prospectors' kits, came silently down the trail. The well worn way ran beside the murky stream that for twenty five years had run through the sluices of the Placer Notch Mining Company's claim, which, singularly, included in their four acres the only paying claims that had ever been staked in McGowan's Pass.

As the young prospectors neared Sol Brunt's supply depot at the foot of the pass, the latter broke the silence, and said moodily:

"I wish I had known three months ago as much as I know now."

"Three months ago, Tom, we both knew what we had to expect; that was all talked over."

"Well, it's one thing to see hardship and failure at a distance, but it's another thing to go through them. I didn't know then, as I do now, what real hardship was. I thought I did. Handy man on a farm seemed about as near slavery as we could find in a free country."

"Our experience is not unusual, Tom. We may succeed yet—we may not. I am going to stick it out another month and so are you—"

"I'm not so sure of that," interrupted Tom.

"Yes you will, if I know you, Tom, and I guess I do. You like to have your little growl now and then, and I'm glad you do; it makes me argue on the bright side, and so see the pleasant features and the hopeful prospects."

"It's a pity hopes don't sell in the market, Phil; you'd be pretty well off if they did."

"Come, now! none of your sarcasm, old man. I tell you we are going to stick to this for a month yet. We have no money, it is true; but we can work our way, and we are free and are seeing the world. That beats eighteen hours a day on farm work."

The trail here ran close to the edge of the stream and about a foot above it. Phil Gormley the hopeful, happened to step on a loose stone; it gave way and down went his right leg into the water.

"I like that!" he exclaimed in vexation, as he pulled his foot out with much difficulty. He regarded his shoe with surprise on seeing it covered

to the top with soft mud. He sat down on a log and squeezed the water out of his trowsers leg, gazing all the while at the muddy shoe in a reverie that attracted Tom Danvers' attention.

"What's up?" he asked.

"I was trying to account for such deep mud in the bed of a mountain stream. I am certain this mud is the years' deposit of the dirt that is separated

mud out and wash it till doomsday without getting enough to keep his pipe alight from year to year. But just fancy how many millions must have passed down this stream! You heard what the miner said up in the Notch—twenty per cent of the gold product was washed away from the sluices. If they have panned out fifty million dollars there, that would make ten millions swept away into the big river below, with more constantly going the same way."

"That's all very well in theory, but what does it amount to any way? We can't get hold of any of these millions."

"No, of course not. But this I do believe: if any one could afford to turn this stream into a reservoir and wait ten years he would have enough gold silt to tackle in a wholesale sort of way that would pay. It would only be a question of devising a cheap system of washing the silt from the gold more thoroughly than they do at the mines. I'd take the contract to invent the process, too. But come! We won't waste any more time over it. No one is going to wait ten years to get his good money back."

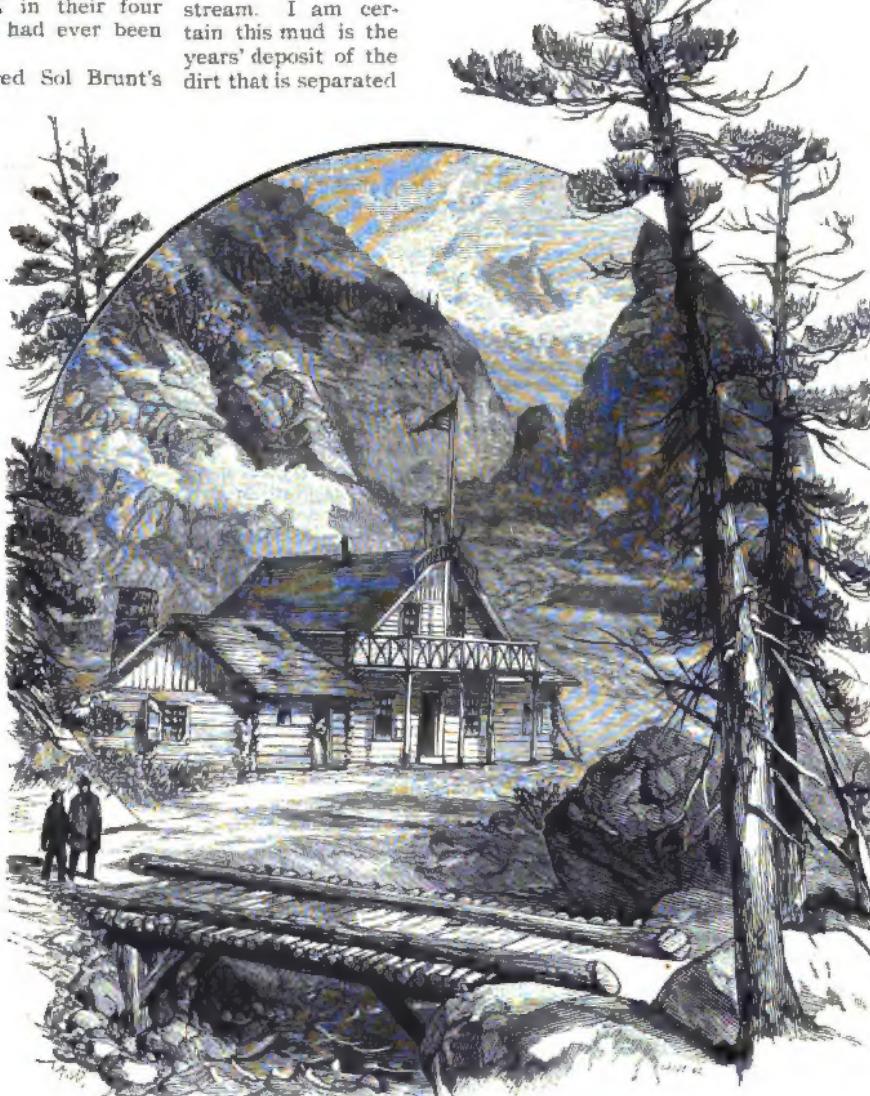
They took up their journey again, and had not walked five minutes when a turn in the trail and the stream brought them in sight of the tidy establishment of Sol Brunt. Sol was one of those who came into the hills with the rush when gold was discovered, but had seen fit to find his fortune in trade while others tramped the hills for paying claims. Those who thus went into business invariably had a sure fortune before them. Sol's place had grown up from a shanty store to a tidy house that in time had received additions, making it a very considerable establishment. The trail had been much used in the past, but besides what he made out of the casual traffic over it, he supplied all the Placer Notch wants by contract, and turned a pretty penny out of it, too.

No man had ever come into sight of Sol Brunt's while the sun was up and failed to find the Star Spangled Banner flying at the staff head.

Sol's tidy wife came out to meet the boys, closely followed by the trader himself.

Phil was spokesman.

"Mr. Brunt, this is my partner, Tom Danvers; my name is Phil Gormley. We've been in the hills



THE TRAIL LED THEM OVER A RUSTIC BRIDGE AND INTO A THICK GROVE OF FIRS.

from the gold in the sluices above at Placer Notch."

"Well, what of it?"

"It simply flashes across me that this silt must be very rich in the waste gold that is washed out with the dirt from the sluices."

"Are you thinking of staking out a mud claim?"

"Not quite as bad as that. A man might scoop

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three months and haven't found a grain, but we don't give up just yet. We have no money between us, but we have been hoping you could give us enough work this week to pay for board and lodging and some stores to give us a lift to the next range."

"Well, boys, I'm right glad to see you," said Sol, and Mrs. Brunt looked at them with pitying eyes. "As to the lodging and the things, I'll just take verbal acknowledgment of the debt when you leave. Young fellows who talk as you do usually get along and pay their debts, too. As to the work, I want a little help on my hay this week, and I don't mind reducing your little bill in that way."

"Just the thing for us," exclaimed Tom Danvers. "You'll find we're experts in that line."

"So much the better then, my boy," responded their genial host.

The shadows were falling in the valley as the sun sank behind the mountain tops, and Mrs. Brunt went inside. Her reappearance was heralded by savory odors from the kitchen and, after a refreshing splash in cool water from a mountain rill, the boys sat down with their hosts to a bountiful supper. Then chairs were brought to the doorway, where in the gloom they watched the rising and falling light of Sol's pipe while he spun countless yarns of mining life which were, in truth, largely interspersed with mining death, mostly tragic in character.

Before bidding the boys good night, Sol delicately offered to give them some advice, which the boys eagerly accepted.

"I like pluck," said Sol, "and I don't want to discourage it; but I do hate to see it turned into an empty sluice. You've prospected all over the pass here and found nothing. Thousands have done the same before you. What is true of Placer Notch is pretty generally true of all the hills. In the early days the country swarmed with men, and almost every acre was gone over many times. What wasn't found is not worth looking for. I don't say the richest pay dirt ever discovered may not yet be turned up, but to waste your best years on a gamble is not the thing for boys with grit in them. Go into some business; it will pay you better if you have to start on three dollars a week; with a head and a backbone you may get to be of some account in a line where every minute sees something to be accomplished."

As the boys were preparing for bed, Tom remarked:

"It looks like prospectors without a prospect."

"What Mr. Brunt said as to our chances is probably true, judging from our experience so far; but I wish to prove it to my own satisfaction before I accept it," replied Phil. "Whatever my judgment may tell me, I can't help feeling that there is rich pay earth somewhere in the hills."

"Well, I think you'd better stop right here and tackle the mud yonder."

"Perhaps I will when the month is up," replied Phil good naturedly. "Good night!"

Good morning, Mrs. Brunt! We've had a splendid sleep and are ready to pitch in with the pitchfork," exclaimed Phil the next morning when the boys came down stairs bright and early.

"I'm glad to hear it," responded Mrs. Brunt heartily. "You've been sleeping on the best mattress within fifty miles, and that accounts for it. Perhaps you'd like to look around a little before breakfast. You'll find Mr. Brunt milking the cow down by the pond. Just follow the trail and you'll find him."

The boys gladly acted on the suggestion, and sauntered over a rustic bridge

that spanned the stream. The trail led them into a thick grove of firs filled with the murmurs of the babbling waters, which here flowed over a sharp descent. A sudden turn in the path brought them to the edge of the grove where a splendid prospect burst upon their view.

One feature of it made Phil Gormley stop and clutch Tom by the arm!

The mountain pass widened suddenly at this point in the form of a semicircle on each side, while a quarter of a mile away the flanking mountains swept so close together again that there was only a very narrow outlet between two opposing spurs. A great basin was thus formed of over a quarter of a mile across—how deep, they could not tell, because a great sheet of still water filled the hollow. Beyond, from spur to spur, ran a chain of spile heads, which showed that man, not nature, had made this lake. Over the dam the water lazily trickled, forming the continuation of the stream they had followed from Placer Notch.

It was not necessary for Tom to ask the cause of Phil's agitation. Their conversation of the day before had flashed across him as the artificial lake burst into view. Just below them was Sol, seated on a rock and milking his single cow in a strip of meadow that fringed the sheet of water.

Phil's face was flushed and his eyes were very bright, but he made a visible effort to calm himself as he approached.

The boys and their host passed cordial morning greetings, and then Phil said carelessly:

"Such a fine sheet of water is something of a surprise in such a spot. Did you build the dam, Mr. Brunt?"

"Not I," replied the storekeeper. "There's a story to that. They say a mining inspector, named John Martin, who took in Placer Notch on his circuit twenty five years ago, saw this hollow when he first passed by and got the idea into his head that if he could trap the muddy water that ran off from the sluices and thus collect the tailings, in the course of time the mass of mud in the bottom would pan out rich from the gold that was constantly going to waste. He located this place in the land office, and had the dam built. Before he could take title he disappeared while on his rounds, and was never again heard of. I finally got the title myself, for it struck me that perhaps some day if the country around here grew up and there was any use for it, I could use the pond for water power; or, I could drain it off and plant on the bottom, which ought to be the richest kind of soil. There's thirty feet of mud on that bottom, I calculate."

"He must have had a tremendous job to build a dam that would make a pond over thirty feet deep," commented Tom. "No; it wasn't such a big job. Luck was with him and started the work. Just before Martin began, a land slide filled up the narrow space between the two mountains where they come together. You can see this from the other side of the dam. There wasn't much left to be done; he drove some logs and did some filling in; the stream gradually filled up the hollow, and when the water rose as high as the dam it began to run off down the pass just as it used to, leaving a deposit on the bottom of the basin that has been rising ever since."

"But, Mr. Brunt," asked Phil indifferently, "haven't you ever thought of following up the inspector's idea of separating the gold that is in the bottom?" "I can't say I have—not seriously. There must be a great deal of the dust there, but the proportion is so small that I guess it wouldn't be worth while to waste any money on such a scheme."

Hearing this, Tom cast a sly glance at Phil as if to say, "What did I tell

you?" but he saw that Phil was driving at something, and he had sense enough to say nothing.

The milking was done, and they all went back to breakfast, where they were met by Mrs. Brunt, whose round face was all aglow from the labors of cooking. Then they went down to the strip of meadow again and made an onslaught on the hay field, in which Tom, who tackled that part not yet mowed, cut such a swath as made old Sol stare. They finished early in the day, and as they turned back to the store the owner surveyed the stack he and Phil had built with the greatest satisfaction imaginable, remarking that the two had accomplished in less than a day what would have taken him the best part of a week.

Phil had indeed worked hard during the day; he had thought hard also. Ideas had been chasing through his head in numbers. How rich in gold was the deposit? How could he test it? How could it be separated in bulk at a cost low enough to pay? Ah, that was the vital question of the whole matter! And yet if that were solved other questions would follow. How to promote or float the scheme? Whom to apply to? How to proportion the profits? Yes, Phil had been thinking very hard, indeed, and thinking to such purpose as to be fully prepared to talk to the point. The subject of the pay bottom was not referred to again during the day; but when they had taken their places in the doorway, as on the previous evening, while the merry rattle of the plates and the "clink" of the knives and forks and spoons betokened dish washing in the kitchen, Phil began to speak his little piece.

"I want to talk to you seriously, Mr. Brunt, about a matter that I've had in mind since yesterday. As we came down from the Notch I noticed the muddy bed of the stream, and remarked to Tom here, that I believed if that sediment could be coraled there would be money in it. I found this morning that another great mind"—and Phil laughed at his own conceit—"had run in the same channel, and had built twenty five years ago what I had proposed yesterday as a good thing.

"Now, Mr. Brunt, if I can show you that your idle pond is exceedingly valuable in gold, I want to know if you will share equally with me any profits that I may show you the way to get out of it?"

Sol chuckled goodnaturedly, but incredulously, and said:

"Aye, aye, my boy! You can have half the profits, and more too."

"It is agreed seriously?" persisted Phil.

"All right, my boy—only understand, I put up no money."

"That leads me right to the next point. Providing, as before, I could prove value here, a third man or syndicate, or something meaning capital, would have to be brought in. Speaking in a general way, will you agree to give the use of this bottom and your adjoining land on a basis of, say, one third of the profits to each of the three concerned?—you, for your mine; myself, for the process I know I can invent, and the third man for his money to float the enterprise."

Phil was conscious all the while that he was furnishing Mr. Brunt with more amusement than matter for earnest thought, but having obtained a really serious promise of the donation of land on the basis referred to—always providing, of course, it could be proved by actual test that the gold could be separated at a profit—Phil took Sol inside, where in the lamplight he told all his ideas and schemes, his theory of the separating process and a score of other points, while Tom could only stare open

mouthed and wonder where his chum had learned all this about stock companies and spiral wheels and hydraulics.

By and by the dubious smile vanished from the face of Sol Brunt, and he not only listened seriously and admiringly to Phil, but also supplemented his proposals with suggestions, corrections and advice that his mature experience stamped as very valuable. But Sol's part in the discussion was taken only on the hypothesis that the twenty per cent of waste gold that was doubtless in the silt could be got at, and it was arranged that the next day a test should begin by hand. If the test panned out, machinery would step in and do in one hour what manual labor would take days to accomplish; and, as Phil shrewdly pointed out, one of Sol's own original ideas would supply by natural means one of the necessities for the mechanical process—power—which otherwise would be a huge item of running expenses.

Accordingly, next morning the boys sallied out, accompanied by Sol, to overlook their operations. They carried with them a barrel, buckets to carry the silt and a scale to weigh it. They set up the barrel and half filled it with water, then into it they dumped several bucketfuls of silt. With staves they stirred the mixture so violently that each particle of fine silt must have been separated from the others. When at last they stopped they were dripping with perspiration. They gave the muddy water a few minutes to partly settle and allow the grains of gold, if any there were, to make their way to the bottom of the barrel; then by tipping the barrel carefully the water was drained off, leaving only a few inches of residue at the bottom of which was a thin layer of mud—and gold?—that was the question. It was not time to answer yet. In went half a barrelful of water and more buckets of silt. This was agitated as before and the water again drawn off.

When this had been repeated several times it was noticed that the layer of mud on the bottom was a foot deep. Thereupon two washings of this were had in the same way without adding new silt, until the deposit at the bottom had been partly drained off. Then more silt was stirred in, and so they labored nearly all day, until Sol called time, saying there was no use of wearing themselves out.

The next day the work was continued until afternoon when they had at the bottom of the barrel the residue of about two hundred and fifty pounds of silt; in this residue, only some six inches thick, was to be found nearly every grain of gold that the successive lots of silt had contained. It was time for the test. They broke the barrel, and carefully scraped and washed every grain of the muddy residue into the largest porcelain basin that Sol's store contained, and in this more limited way made many successive washings until at last at the bottom of the white basin there gleamed nothing but a fine golden sand sparkling in the sunlight. There was gold in the mud, that was certain. How much and in what proportion was the next question? They thoroughly dried the golden sediment and called Sol's fine apothecary's scales into requisition. The dust weighed just five pennweights.

Phil had no sooner ascertained the weight than he began figuring excitedly on a scrap of paper. This is what he was figuring on: "A layer of mud, quarter mile square and average thickness of thirty feet—how many tons of silt are there?" His recollection of tables of weights and measures was perfect and he could therefore calculate this approximately, as can any schoolboy. He figured about

three hundred and sixty thousand tons. Then he calculated: "Five pennyweights of gold to about two hundred and fifty pounds of silt, makes, say forty dollars per ton and—

"Mr. Brunt," said Phil, looking up and with difficulty restraining his excitement, "I figure there is at this moment in that pond nearly FIFTEEN MILLION DOLLARS worth of dust!"

* * * * *

Months had passed; Phil and Tom had come to Cheyenne City with a letter from Sol Brunt to the president of the Placer Notch Mining Company—Mr. Van Amrandt—introducing Phil's scheme and authorizing Phil to represent him in the preliminary discussion of the whole matter.

Phil had impressed Mr. Van Amrandt most favorably as a young man whose youthful enthusiasm was held in check by a thoughtfulness and judgment beyond his years. But time had passed; the president had been very busy with other matters, or there had always been some other reason to keep things at a standstill for a long while. Finally, the president went so far as to have the superintendent of the "P. N." mine go down to Sol's place and assay a quantity of the silt. Phil and Tom had been enabled to bide a winter's delay as far as actual needs went, through the kindness of the president who had given them both subordinate clerical positions in the company's office; there Phil was looked upon rather suspiciously by his fellow clerks as a sort of upstart who, by some hook or crook, could procure long interviews with the president and engineer, and come out of their respective offices looking as if he had been discussing questions of tremendous importance, as, in fact, he had.

One afternoon in March the door of Mr. Van Amrandt's private office opened and the president himself stood on the threshold with a paper in his hand.

"I say, Gormley, come here, will you?" and he retired again to his desk. Phil rose and entered the private room.

"Shut the door and sit down. I have here the report of Jasper who has been assaying up at Brunt's 'duck pond.' He reports forty one dollars to the ton—a little better than your own estimate."

Phil's heart beat away at a tremendous rate all this while, and when the result of the assay was announced it seemed to stop altogether. The president continued in a most matter of fact tone:

"I have just told the engineer to go over those plans of yours which he has approved in a general way and, in connection with yourself, perfect the details of your device."

Phil seemed to hear this from a great distance, and Mr. Van Amrandt seemed to be far off and in a sort of mist. He could not move or speak or even think—he could only comprehend the joyful news.

"By the time the designs are perfected I shall have procured the necessary appropriation from the directors for the machinery. They have terrible tales to tell of the weather up in the Notch it seems, Gormley; only last week there was a heavy fall of snow which the superintendent says is swelling the streams greatly as it melts. To return to the subject, though, I have just sent Jasper's messenger back with a message to Brunt, asking him to come into town to sign a conveyance of his claim to the company; then we will issue the new stock to Brunt and yourself on the basis we spoke of last month."

By this time Phil had regained his self possession. He rose and began:

"Mr. Van Amrandt, I thank you very much," when the door opened and Sol Brunt appeared on the threshold. He advanced dejectedly and said:

"The dam burst yesterday! Twenty

streams from the sides of the hollow are tearing into the basin, and what silt is left by tomorrow I will sell you for a ten dollar note!"

The clerks outside were startled by the sound of a heavy fall.

Phil Gormley had given way under the blow.

* * * * *

A fortune lost! you will say. Yes; part of the fourteen millions was washed away, part was covered by the débris of land slides which the unusual freshet of that spring caused. What remained amounted to nothing in comparison. That was five years ago. The Placer Notch Mining Company has been reorganized since—just a few weeks ago, in fact, and this whole matter was only brought back to my mind at this time by the receipt of a letter from a friend of mine, who announced that he has just been put in on the reorganization as secretary of the company. I refer, of course, to Phil Gormley. He lost his lucky fortune, but he is working out a better one, because it is coming slowly and with honest difficulty. But it was his idea of working the "duck pond" that planted this slow growing tree of fortune, for it was that which took him to the company's office.

Out here on my quiet farm I do not hear many echoes from the busy outside world, but none could give me greater pleasure than does such news of my dear friend Phil—for I am no other than Doubting Thomas Danvers.

[This Story began in Number 456.]

A DEBT OF HONOR.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

Author of "Ragged Dick," "Tattered Tom," "Luck and Pluck," etc.

CHAPTER XXX.

GERALD IS RELEASED.

At length the door was opened and Gerald was free to leave his place of confinement.

There was a cunning smile on Tip's weazened face.

"I say, boss," he said. "Ain't you goin' to give me somethin' for lettin' you out?"

Gerald was amused in spite of himself.

"I ought rather to punish you for getting me into such a scrape."

"'Twasn't me. 'Twas Uncle Sam that made me do it."

"I know that, and for that reason I will forgive you. You were paid for luring me in here, and ought to be satisfied with that. So Mr. Standish is your uncle?"

"That is what he says. I couldn't swear to it."

"Perhaps he will leave you some money in his will."

"He ain't got no money," said Tip contemptuously. "He's strapped most of the time. Did you give him any?"

"No."

"Didn't he take your pocketbook?"

"No."

Tip looked puzzled.

"Then what did he want you shut up for?"

"I had some papers that he wanted."

"Did you give them to him?"

"Yes."

"War they worth much?"

"He thought they were."

Tip was silent a moment.

"I wish I'd known that," he said, after a pause.

"Suppose you had?" inquired Gerald curiously.

"I'd have let you out before he came for five dollars."

"That is very kind of you, Tip. What would your uncle have done to you?"

"He'd have licked me, but I'd stand a lickin' any time for five dollars."

"I see. Tip, you are a sharp boy. I haven't any hard feelings against you. I hope you will grow up a good man."

Tip shook his head.

"It ain't likely," he said. "There ain't many good boys round here. This ain't a Sunday school neighborhood."

"I am afraid it isn't," thought Gerald. "I fear Tip isn't likely to turn out a good man or a model citizen. He is smart enough, but he isn't using his smartness in the right way."

"Where have you been, Gerald?" asked Mr. Brooke, when his secretary returned to the hotel. "You don't often come back late to lunch."

"I was unavoidably detained, Mr. Brooke. In other words, I was imprisoned."

"Is that true?" asked the English tourist in surprise. "Please explain yourself."

Gerald did so.

"So the papers were taken?"

"Yes, they are gone," answered Gerald, smiling. "I should like to see Mr. Wentworth when he discovers that he has been duped."

"He and his agent will both be disappointed. Do you know if he is in the city?"

"I believe he is at the Southern Hotel."

"Waiting till his agent has secured the papers I presume?"

"I suppose so."

"Really, Gerald, this is an excellent joke. I don't think he will make any further attempt to rob you. We can afford to laugh, but it might have been quite otherwise."

Meanwhile Mr. Standish made his way slowly towards the Southern Hotel. He was plunged in deep thought. Should he give up the papers to Mr. Wentworth, or should he stand out for a larger sum? He had been promised two hundred dollars, but his principal had repeatedly offered a thousand dollars for them, and he persuaded himself that he ought to receive at least half this amount. He could not quite make up his mind what to do, and was still in a state of indecision when he reached the handsome hotel where Mr. Wentworth was a guest.

He entered the office, and did not have far to look, for Bradley Wentworth was standing at the news counter where he had just purchased a Chicago paper.

"Well?" he said eagerly when he saw Standish enter. "What news?"

"I've got the papers," nodded Standish.

"You have? Give them to me."

"Wait a minute, Mr. Wentworth. I want to see you alone."

"Oh, very well! Come up stairs."

They boarded the elevator and stopped at the second landing, where Mr. Wentworth led the way to a front room, of which he unlocked the door and bade Standish enter.

"Give me the papers," he said, "and I will give you a check."

Samuel Standish made no motion to get the papers. Wentworth eyed him in some surprise.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

Standish cleared his throat.

"You agreed to give me two hundred dollars," he said, "while I find that you have more than once offered the boy a thousand dollars for them."

"Who told you that?"

"Gerald himself."

"It is a lie," said Wentworth harshly.

"Do you think I am a fool?"

"No; I think you are a very shrewd man. The papers are worth all that you offered for them?"

"How do you know? How can you judge?" demanded Wentworth hastily.

"I have read them, and the boy explained the circumstances."

Bradley Wentworth turned red. He

saw that his secret was exposed, and that this man knew that he had once been a forger.

"You can't depend upon what the boy told you," he said.

"It is confirmed by the letters."

"You had no right to read the letters. It was a breach of faith."

"I don't look at it in that light. I wanted to be sure that they were the papers I was instructed to secure."

"Very well. I will excuse you. Give me the papers and I will give you two hundred dollars, as I promised."

"I must have five hundred," said Standish firmly. "Even then you will save five hundred. If you had bargained with the boy you would have been obliged to give him a thousand."

Then ensued a wordy wrangle, not necessary to detail. Wentworth, after trying in vain to keep Standish to the original agreement, finally paid him three hundred and fifty dollars, two hundred in bills and one hundred and fifty in a check payable to the order of Samuel Standish. Though he had not secured as much as he desired, Mr. Standish was reasonably satisfied, not for years having had so large a sum in his possession.

Bradley Wentworth was about to examine the papers when a bell boy came up with telegram.

Wentworth tore it open hastily.

It was an urgent summons to return, as matters of importance demanded his presence at the factory.

He thrust the papers into his pocket.

"I am called home to Seneca," he said. "I must catch the next train for Chicago, if possible. I will not detain you any longer, as I have no time to give you."

"All right, Mr. Wentworth! I don't want to interfere with your plans. My acquaintance with you has been very agreeable, and, as I trust, for our mutual advantage. I hope you may some time have further occasion to employ my services. Good day, sir!"

Bradley Wentworth was already packing his valise, and did not think it necessary to notice his agent's farewell greeting.

"Three hundred and fifty dollars!" soliloquized Standish. "Did I ever have as much money before? I can't remember the occasion. Mr. Samuel Standish, you can afford to live comfortably for a time. Did I do well to part with the papers, or should I have stood out for a larger sum? It is hard to tell. They must be worth more to the boy than this, but it is not likely he had money enough to buy them. On the whole, Samuel, you have probably done as well as you could."

It will be remembered that Mr. Standish had a room at the Lindell. As he entered the hotel he met Gerald in the corridor.

"So you have got back?" he said with a pleasant smile.

"Yes," answered Gerald.

"I thought Tip could be relied upon. I prefer you won't cherish any hard feelings on account of the events of the morning."

"Have you still got the papers, Mr. Standish?" asked Gerald abruptly.

"No."

"Then I suppose you have given them to Mr. Wentworth?"

"Yes; I would much rather have given them back to you, but I judged that you had not money enough to purchase them."

"Mr. Standish," said Gerald composedly, "I wouldn't give five dollars to have the papers back."

"But," stammered Standish, "you said Mr. Wentworth offered you a thousand dollars for them."

"For the originals, yes. Those I delivered to you were copies."

Standish seemed transfixed with amazement.

"But the originals? Where are they?" he asked.

"Where neither you nor Mr. Wentworth can get hold of them."

When Standish had recovered from his astonishment he burst into a hearty laugh.

"The old man's been fooled," he said. "Serves him right for being so mean."

CHAPTER XXXI.

TIDINGS OF THE FUGITIVE.

IT was not until Bradley Wentworth was on board the train that was to bear him to Chicago that he drew out the letters which he had secured through the agency of Standish and examined them.

He almost leaped from his seat in anger and disappointment.

"They are fraudulent, and not worth the paper they are written on," he at once decided. "And I have actually given that scoundrel three hundred and fifty dollars for them. Why didn't I take the precaution to examine them before handing over the money?"

He examined them again. They might be fraudulent, for the handwriting was not his, but they were word for word similar to the genuine letters which he had written many years since to Warren Lane. The question arose, who had copied them? Was it Standish? He dismissed this supposition as very improbable, and adopted the theory that the genuine letters were not in existence—that Warren Lane had given these to his son as a record of what had passed between himself and Wentworth.

"In that case," he reflected with satisfaction, "the boy has no hold upon me. I have only to deny all knowledge of the letters and stigmatize them as part of a conspiracy to extort money from me on false charges. It is worth three hundred and fifty dollars to find this out."

So Wentworth's anger was succeeded by a feeling of satisfaction.

"It is better to pay three hundred and fifty dollars than a thousand," he reflected, "and that was the sum I was ready to give Gerald. On the whole my meeting with this fellow Standish was a fortunate one. I shall destroy these letters, and with them will perish the only evidence of my crime."

When Mr. Wentworth reached home he found among his letters the following written in a regular schoolboy hand:

DEAR SIR:

Your son Victor and I are in hard luck. We are staying at a poor boarding house in Kansas City, and have only enough money to pay this week's board. I have sent to my guardian for a remittance, and expect it within a few days, but Victor's money gave out some time since. As I know you are a rich man I do not feel called upon to pay his expenses. I shall have only enough left for myself.

Will you telegraph money at once to Victor, No. 125 H. Street, and I will advise him to take the money and go home.

Yours respectfully,

ARTHUR GRIGSON.

Bradley Wentworth read this letter with a mixture of feelings. He had been very anxious about his son, but he was not a soft hearted man, and now that he knew him to be alive his heart hardened.

"He hasn't suffered enough," he said to himself. "If I forgive him too quickly he will do the same thing again. He has dared to disobey me, and he must be made to understand that he has been guilty of a serious offense. This fellow Grigson has the hardihood to suggest that I telegraph money to Kansas City. If I should do so he would probably claim a share of it, and instead of returning, the two would very likely continue their journey."

Under the influence of these feelings Mr. Wentworth wrote the following letter:

MR. ARTHUR GRIGSON:

You have done me the honor to write me suggesting that I should telegraph money to my son, who took the bold step of leaving the school, where I had placed him, without my permission. Your letter contains no expression of regret for this flagrant act of disobedience, and I assume that neither you nor Victor feels any. No doubt you find it inconvenient to be without money, and it naturally occurs to you to apply to me. You may say to Victor that as he appears to think himself independent of me, and has shown a disregard for my wishes, I think it may be well for him to keep on a little longer. I do not feel under any obligation to help him home from Kansas City, since he went there without my permission. Whenever he returns home, and shows proper regret for his disobedience I will consider what I may be disposed to do for him.

BRADLEY WENTWORTH.

Hard as his nature was Bradley Wentworth did not send away this letter without momentary compunction. So far as he was capable of affection he was attached to his son. But he was a man who required implicit obedience, and Victor's flight had excited his sternest indignation. He was a proud man, and was not willing to show signs of softening though he really yearned to see his absent son.

He held the letter in his hands undecided whether to send it or not, but pride finally gained the ascendancy, and he dropped it into the box in which he deposited his outgoing mail.

"He will see that I am not to be trifled with," he soliloquized, as he closed his lips firmly.

So the letter went on its cruel mission.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE YOUNG RUNAWAYS.

IN a small, plainly furnished room in Kansas City sat two boys of sixteen and seventeen. One of them was Victor Wentworth, the other his schoolmate and the companion of his flight, Arthur Grigson.

Victor looked despondent. He had a pleasant but weak face, in which little or no resemblance could be traced to his father. The latter's hard nature was wholly wanting in Victor. He resembled his mother, now dead, who had been completely under the domination of her husband.

"I wonder if our letters will come today, Arthur," he said anxiously.

"I hope so. I expected before this that your father would telegraph money."

"You don't know my father, Arthur," said Victor sadly. "No doubt he is very angry with me, and I am not sure that he will send me any money at all."

"You are an only son, are you not?"

"Yes."

"And your father is very rich?"

"Yes."

"Then he won't be such a beast as to refuse. Isn't he rather close with you?"

"Yes."

"Rather mean, in fact. It costs money to telegraph. I presume it is on this account that he has written you by mail."

"If he doesn't write, what shall I do?" said Victor. "I have only twenty five cents left, and that will barely buy my dinner."

"I haven't much more," said Arthur, "but I don't worry."

"No, for you have money of your own, and are sure to get something."

"I am not one of the worrying kind," said Arthur. "I wouldn't be as nervous as you are on any account."

"I can't help it."

"If your father is like you he will be so worried about you that he will be sure to send the money, or else come on himself. Perhaps he will do that."

Victor shook his head.

"He isn't like me at all, Arthur. He is a very stern man. Oh, how foolish I was to leave school, but you persuaded me to do it!"

"Oh, you throw all the blame on me, do you?" returned Arthur in an un-

pleasant tone. "You were in for it as much as I was."

"I didn't know what I was doing," said Victor in an unsteady voice.

"Do try to be more manly! One would think you were in danger of going to prison!" exclaimed the stronger minded Arthur, in ill concealed disgust.

"I don't know but I shall. I can't starve, and I may have to steal when my money is gone."

"You'd better get a place and work. That will be better than to starve or go to jail."

"That is true. I didn't think of that," said Victor, brightening up. "But I don't know what I can do. I never did any kind of work. I am afraid no one will employ me."

"Then set up in business for yourself. You can sell papers if you can't do anything else. That is, if you are not too proud to do it."

"I am not too proud to do anything," said the miserable Victor, "if I can make a living!"

"Good for you! That shows that you are not a snob, any way. What do you think your rich and aristocratic father would say if he should learn that his son was a newsboy?"

"He wouldn't like it, and I don't like it myself, but I shall not be ashamed to do it, if it is necessary."

"I admire your spunk, Victor."

"I am afraid I haven't got much," said Victor, shaking his head. "Oh, what a fool I have been! If I were only out of this scrape, I'll never get into another."

"It may all come right. It's time we got letters. When we do we'll start for home."

At this instant there was a knock at the door, and the landlady, a stout woman with a red face, appeared.

"Here's two letters just come!" she said.

Both boys sprang to their feet in excitement.

"One for each of us!" said Victor gladly.

"No; they are both for Mr. Grigson."

Victor dropped into his seat in despondency.

"None for me!" he murmured.

"Better luck next time!" said the landlady.

Meanwhile Arthur had torn open one of his letters.

"Hurrah!" he said. "There's fifty dollars inside."

"Who is the other from?"

"It is postmarked Seneca. It must be from your father."

CHAPTER XXIII.

ARTHUR GRIGSON'S TREACHERY.

"OPEN the letter, quick!" cried Victor in feverish anxiety. "I don't see why father didn't write to me."

The letter was opened. The reader is already acquainted with its contents. Arthur read it aloud, and Victor turned sick with disappointment.

"Well," ejaculated Arthur, "if that isn't a cold blooded message for a man to send to his own son! And he rolling in wealth!"

"I was afraid he would refuse to send me some money," said Victor. "What is that last sentence?"

"He says if you will come home he will see whether he will forgive you—that's the upshot of it."

"But I can't go home without money unless you will pay my way. You will won't you, Arthur? I'll pay you back just as soon as I can."

"But you can't, you know," returned Arthur coldly. "Your father has always given you a very small allowance, and you can't save anything out of that."

"I will be sure to pay you some way."

"You are very ready with your pro-

mises, but promises ain't cash. Look here, Victor, I've got only fifty dollars."

"That's a big sum."

"It's got to last me some time. As for giving you fifteen or twenty dollars, I can't do it, and that settles it."

"Are you going home?"

"I shall take the next train for Chicago."

"And leave me here?" faltered Victor, turning pale.

"I don't see what else I can do," returned Arthur, his face hardening.

"But I shall starve."

"No; I will leave you two or three dollars, and I advise you to buy some papers if you can't get any other position."

"How meanly you are treating me!" said Victor indignantly.

"I am sorry, of course, but it is the best I can do—"

"But for you I should not be here. Please remember that!"

"You were very ready to come when I proposed it," retorted Arthur.

"You promised to see me through. I didn't have money enough to come."

"Well, I've kept my promise as well as I could. I was looking over my accounts yesterday, and I find that I have spent for you thirteen dollars and sixty seven cents. Of course I shall never see a cent of it back."

"I will pay it if I live," said Victor, his companion's meanness bringing a flush to his cheek. "I have just found you out. If I had known how mean you were I would never have left school in your company."

"I wish you hadn't. I didn't suppose your father was such a miser. I knew you were an only son, and I expected that he would come to your help if you needed it. You mustn't be so unreasonable. I am going out to get my bill changed. Will you come, too?"

"I suppose I may as well," said Victor, in a spiritless tone.

Arthur made his way to a railroad ticket office and purchased a ticket to Chicago.

Victor turned away to hide the indignant tears that rose to his eyes as he thought of his companion's base desecration. It was on his lips to beg Arthur to buy another ticket, but his pride checked him. He felt that he had humiliated himself enough already.

On their way back they passed a periodical store.

On the window outside was a sign—

"BOY WANTED!"

"There's your chance for a situation, Victor," said Arthur, half in joke.

Victor looked at the sign, and made up his mind. It was absolutely necessary for him to get employment, and he might as well work here as anywhere.

"Wait a minute," he said.

He went in, expecting to meet a man, but found that the shop was kept by a middle aged woman. Victor had never been obliged to rough it, and he colored up with embarrassment as he prepared to apply for the place.

"I see you want a boy," he said.

"Yes," said the woman, very favorably impressed by Victor's neat appearance. "Have you ever worked in a store of this kind?"

"No; I have always attended school."

"I won't ask if you're honest, for your looks speak in your favor. Would you be willing to sleep in the back part of the store?"

"Yes," answered Victor, relieved to think that this would save him the expense of a room.

"When can you come?"

"At one o'clock if you wish. After I have eaten dinner."

"Then I will engage you. You will receive four dollars and a half a week. Is that satisfactory?"

"Yes," answered Victor thankfully. He went out and told Arthur of his success. His companion was relieved, for, selfish as he was, it troubled him to think that Victor would be left in destitution.

"Good?" he said. "Now I advise you to write home, and see what your father has to say. I will leave you three dollars to buy your meals till your first week's pay comes in."

Mrs. Ferguson, the good Scotch lady who kept the periodical store, would have been very much surprised if she had learned that the quiet looking boy whom she had just engaged was the son of a man worth over three hundred thousand dollars. Her mind was occupied with other matters or she would have questioned Victor more closely in regard to his history and antecedents. He was glad she did not, for he would have felt some embarrassment in confessing that he had run away from school and was a fugitive from home.

He felt obliged to accept the three dollars offered him by Arthur Grigson since it was necessary to have money to pay for his meals in the interval that must elapse before he would receive his first week's pay.

"I will pay you back, Arthur," said he gratefully, as he took the money from the boy who had been the cause of his trouble.

"Oh, that's just as you like."

"I would prefer to do it. I don't care to be under any further obligations to you."

"Oh, don't be foolish! You didn't expect I'd strip myself of money to give you a chance to go home?"

"You would have more than money enough to get us both home. I wouldn't have treated you as you have treated me."

"Yes you would, and I wouldn't have blamed you. I may go over to Seneca and tell your father how I left you. Maybe he'll open his heart and send you twenty dollars."

Walter did not reply, but knowing his father as he did, he cherished no such hopes. He tried to put a good face on the matter, however, reflecting that he was at any rate safe from starving, and would be able to live.

In the afternoon he went to work, and though evidently unused to business soon learned to do what was required of him. He seemed so willing that Mrs. Ferguson felt pleased with him, and did not regret her hasty choice of a boy who had no recommendations to offer.

The store closed at eight o'clock, and the shutters were put up.

Now came the hardest trial for Victor.

He had always been accustomed to a luxurious, or at all events, cozy bedroom, even at school. Now he was to sleep in a dark store, for the gas was put out, except one small jet in the rear. His bed was a small, narrow one, only about eighteen inches wide, and close behind the dark counter.

"This is where you will sleep," said Mrs. Ferguson. "The bed is small, but I guess you will find it wide enough."

"I guess I can make it do," answered Victor.

"You are to get up at seven o'clock and open the store. Then you will sweep the floor and dust the books. I shall come at eight, and will then let you off for half an hour for breakfast."

"All right, ma'am."

Mrs. Ferguson went out, and Victor, not feeling yet like sleep, sat down on the side of the bed and began to reflect.

Only a few weeks ago he had been a member of a classical school, recognized as the son of a rich man, and treated with the more consideration on that account. Now he was a friendless boy, obliged to earn a scanty living by his own labor. It might be considered

quite a come down, but, strange as it may seem, Victor was not altogether despondent. He inherited from his father a taste for business, and had already begun to take an interest in his duties. He would indeed have liked a larger income, for he was compelled to eat at cheap and poor restaurants, but at any rate he felt happier than he had done when traveling in Arthur Grigson's company.

At length he went to sleep, and slept comfortably for three hours or more. Then he suddenly awoke, and none too soon. The window at the rear of the store, leading out into the back yard, was half open, and he saw the figure of a large man crawling through.

"It must be a burglar!" thought Victor, and his heart sank within him.

(To be continued.)

[This Story began in No. 460.]

WITH COSSACK AND CONVICT.

A TALE OF FAR SIBERIA.

BY WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON,

Author of "Under Africa," "The Rajah's Fortress," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

A DARING RESCUE.

In order to fully explain the diversion that rescued Donald from a very uncomfortable predicament, we must go back to that point where Valbort was addressing Feodor Baranok. As the men listened greedily to every word that fell from his lips their backs were turned toward the south end of the cavern, and consequently they did not see a head peeping cautiously from behind the big rock which led to and concealed from view a natural chamber in the rear of the cavern. Donald and Baranok faced in that direction, it is true, but the latter was watching Valbort with too much intentness to think of anything else, while his broad back quite covered Donald's frailest figure.

The head quietly surveyed the scene for a few seconds and then the owner of it stepped out beside the rock and stood there for a brief instant in the friendly shadow. This was Varia Tichimiroff, as the reader has probably already divined. She was very young—hardly more than seventeen—and her features were of that regal type of beauty which is rarely seen save in the highest circles of Russian society. Her cheeks, usually of ivory whiteness, now glowed rosily with the fire of a desperate resolve. Her eyes were a deep violet in color, and were shadowed by clusters of short, black curls, on top of which rested a tiny cap of costly black fur. A dress made of some heavy brown material—which, to an experienced eye would at once have proclaimed its Parisian origin—fitted gracefully her slender figure. In her right hand she held tightly a long barreled pistol which Baranok or one of his men had probably lost, and her whole bearing indicated determination to use it if necessity.

Her pause in the shadow of the rock was but momentary—just long enough to show her the splendid opportunity of escape offered by the attitude of her captors. Bending low she sped like a shadow along the south wall of the cavern and gained the corner of the beach without detection.

At that moment, when she was about to place foot on the first step of the narrow ledge which would lead her to freedom, one of the convicts who was of quicker ear than his fellows, caught the rustling of her garments and glanced over his shoulder.

He proclaimed his discovery by a hideous shout which drew the attention of all from Baranok and Donald, and then

snatching a blazing brand from the fire rushed after the young girl.

The hoarse shouting of the men confused Varia for an instant, but she speedily recovered her self possession and sprang forward along the perilous ledge.

"Putsue her!" roared Feodor Baranok in a voice like thunder. "Overtake her at all hazards, but don't injure a hair of her head!"

A dozen men darted off instantly, but the convict who had discovered the girl's escape took the lead of them, and so swiftly did his long legs carry him that he was almost upon the fugitive before she gained the angle in the narrow path. His heavy tread warned Varia of her danger. She wheeled about just where the path made its perilous turn, and faced her pursuer with flashing eyes.

"Keep back!" she cried in a clear, ringing voice. "If you come one step nearer I will shoot you."

The man laughed brutally, but did not see the weapon clenched in the tiny hand, and with arms outstretched to seize her he sprang forward.

The brave girl raised the pistol and pulled the trigger without hesitation.

Bang! As the sharp report echoed down the gorge the daring convict clapped his hand to his left arm with a cry of pain, and would have fallen from the ledge had not a companion behind lent his support.

But the weapon had been heavily charged and the violent concussion jerked the unfortunate girl backward. She struggled vainly to retain her balance, but the precarious ledge offered no foothold, and the cliff above her was as smooth as glass. With a cry of despair she toppled downward and plunged into the raging icy waters ten feet below.

This terrible catastrophe was plainly revealed to all the convicts by the glow from the torches which some of those on the ledge carried.

Feodor Baranok acted like one bereft of his senses. He ran down to the spot where the beach terminated at the sheer face of the cliff, and stood there shading his eyes with his hands, and peering out on the raging waters.

"Save her! Save her!" he shouted hoarsely. "She must not perish! I will give one thousand rubles to the man who saves her life!"

But even this munificent offer could not tempt his followers to what seemed certain death. Perhaps they doubted if Feodor Baranok owned such a sum of money! At all events they made no movement to enter the water, but crowded along the shore with shouts and cries.

"Why does he not swim after her himself?" grumbled one man. "Does he think the river would spare us and not him?"

Baranok still continued to wring his hands and call vainly on some one to rescue the girl. Among those who stood nearest him was Donald. He had made his way down to the beach without hindrance or molestation from any. The convicts were too deeply engrossed with the fate of the girl to notice him. He had forgotten the intense peril that threatened him a moment before. His heart was filled with a dull agony, and he could not shut out from his eyes the sight of that slender figure plunging down with the river. He knew that she was beyond all help—that the mad torrent was whirling her body farther away with every second.

All at once an eager cry broke from Leontef, who was kneeling on the ledge just where the path turned, holding his lighted torch downward.

"See! There she is! Her dress has caught on a rock. She will be washed off in another second."

On hearing this, Baranok became wild with excitement. He waded out from the beach until the water surged about his knees. But he knew better than to go any further. There he stood, pointing one hand down the stream and waving the other toward those on shore.

"Save her! Save her!" he entreated. "There she is, just below that rock!"

But the appeal fell on deaf ears, and when Baranok reviled them bitterly and called them cowards, the men only shrugged their shoulders. Several of them indeed had darted back into the cavern for a rope, but it was ten to one that they would be too late.

Suddenly a man waded out from the beach and stood beside Baranok. It was Donald. All recognized him, but not a finger was raised to bring him back. Instinctively they guessed his intention.

Baranok showed no surprise when he discovered who was beside him.

"There she is!" he cried huskily, pointing down among the tumbling waves. "Do you see her? You are a good swimmer, are you not? You will save her life? As for myself, I cannot swim a stroke, or I should not be standing here."

So this was the cause of Baranok's inaction. Somehow Donald felt relieved at the discovery. Cowardice was so incompatible with the character and appearance of this famous man!

He followed with his eyes the direction of Baranok's hand, and his heart throbbed with pity when he saw the girl clinging to a half submerged rock, her white face upturned to the light of the torch that Leontef was holding on the ledge above. Her lips moved, but the roar of the water drowned her feeble voice.

Donald hesitated for an instant when he saw the awful swirl of foam and waves that lay below him, but his indecision was shortlived. The heroic resolve that had prompted him to wade out from the beach now forced him forward. He jerked off his coat and gave it to Baranok. Then he made a step forward, and the water came almost to his waist.

But before he could take the meditated plunge Baranok leaned forward and seized his arm.

"First tell me one thing," he whispered almost fiercely. "Are you Serge Masloff or not? Speak the truth without fear. No harm shall come to you."

"No!" whispered Donald. "I am not Serge Masloff."

Then he tore his arm loose and plunged out on the crest of a big wave, keeping his eyes fixed steadfastly on that white, terror stricken face below him, and breathing a silent prayer for help in his perilous undertaking.

The angry waves swept him away as though he were a feather, and bore him—more by chance than any skill of his own—straight upon the rock to which Varia was clinging.

With one hand he seized it, and with the other he caught the girl about the waist, but the next instant a great wave washed them both off into the current, and they were swept down stream, whirling over and over.

A shout burst from the convicts, and then all held their breath as Donald and his burden were carried into a narrow passage, whose waters sped like a mill race between two outcropping ledges of rock, on which the waves were beating furiously. Gleaming ahead through the spray Donald saw these rocks and knew that just one chance of life was left him. With his one hand he clasped Varia tighter to his side, and with the other snatched quickly at the rocks as they slipped by him. Twice the current tore him away with bleeding and lacerated fingers, but the third time he obtained a firm grip and swung round into the

little eddy behind the rock. There he clung in spite of the pain and the waves that beat furiously on his face and breast.

"Courage!" he whispered to Varia. "They will find a way to save us. I won't let go."

The girl was perfectly conscious, and when he looked down her eyes met his fearlessly and trustfully.

Above the roar of the water they could hear Baranok's hoarse voice shouting out orders, and a moment later the glow of torches shone down from the ledge above.

Then the noosed end of a rope was dropped by Donald's side, and bidding Varia take hold of the rock so that his arm might be free, he managed to get the rope under her shoulders, and she was drawn swiftly and safely up to the ledge.

Again the noose came down, and catching it with both hands, Donald swung clear of the rock and was hauled up by Valbort and his companions.

Slowly the rescued ones were carried along the narrow ledge and down into the cavern where willing hands were waiting to help them.

CHAPTER XVIII.

STUPENDOUS MYSTERIES.

DONALD was quickly divested of his wet clothes and provided with dry garments, which, if not a good fit, were at least comfortable. Then Baranok with his own hands prepared him a cup of hot *vodka* and water, and bandaged his wounded fingers.

Varia had fortunately suffered no injury from her terrible experience, as was shown by the steady manner in which she walked across the cavern, indignantly rejecting all offers of assistance and flashing her bright eyes on her captors. She was far more distressed by her failure to escape than by the peril through which she had just passed. She went straight to her own sheltered nook among the rocks—where a blazing fire had been built by Baranok's orders—and was left to herself there.

"Have no fear, the girl is all right," said Baranok, correctly interpreting Donald's questioning glance; "she has her own baggage—I took good care to have that brought along—gowns, and rugs and blankets, everything that she needs. I will send her something hot to drink presently, when she has put on dry clothes. That was a brave deed of yours, my friend, and I won't forget it. Had that girl been drowned it would have meant the loss of—"

But what would have been lost in that event Baranok did not say. He stopped short and eyed Donald keenly from head to foot.

"I want a talk with you," he said finally. "Come this way."

The gallant act just witnessed had changed the mood of the convicts, and they were sitting quietly around the fires when Donald rose and accompanied Baranok to the rear end of the cavern. Their eyes followed him with more of curiosity than anger, with the exception of Gross, whose face wore an ugly scowl.

Baranok sat down on a rock, motioned Donald to a seat beside him, and then with a wave of his arm he summoned Valbort, who left his companions by the fire and came quickly forward.

"Do you still persist that this man is not Serge Masloff?" said Baranok.

"He is not Serge Masloff," replied Valbort doggedly. "I swear it."

Baranok turned sternly to Donald. "You admitted that yourself a little while ago," he said. "Now why did you try to deceive us? Why did you assume the name of Serge Masloff, if it is not really your own. It will be better for

you to tell the whole truth. If you do I will promise to protect you."

Baranok spoke as though he still had a lingering belief that Donald actually was Serge Masloff in spite of his own and Valbort's evidence to the contrary.

Donald saw clearly that his best course would be to relate the whole story of his adventures, and to tell the truth he rather welcomed the opportunity. Without hesitation he plunged into the narrative and related everything without reserve—the object of his visit to Russia, his encounter with the real Serge Masloff at Wirballen, his conviction without trial and sentence to Siberia, and the true facts of the affair in the Tomsk prison—this latter not without hesitation, for it was equivalent to admitting the correctness of the charges made by the convict Gross.

Baranok and Valbort listened to Donald's story with the utmost amazement, and when he concluded they could only stare at him in silence.

"It is the most wonderful thing I ever heard!" exclaimed Baranok finally.

"Marvelous indeed!" asserted Valbort. "Such a thing could happen in no country but Russia. Well, since this man is suffering in Serge Masloff's place it is our duty to protect him. We need not tell the others that Gross was right in his accusation."

"No, that is true," said Baranok. "Their rage is over and they will accept any explanation that we choose to make."

"Who is this Serge Masloff?" asked Donald suddenly. "I know no more about him now than I did when we met on the bridge at Wirballen."

Baranok did not reply. He was gazing moodily on the ground with his arms folded across his breast.

"Serge Masloff is a brave and famous Nihilist," said Valbort, glancing quickly at his silent companion. "He stands high in the regard of the revolutionary party and equally high in the hatred of the government—as you have good cause to know. Is he still at liberty, do you think?"

"He ought to be," replied Donald bitterly. "He carried off my pastport, clothes and baggage—everything I owned. It would be a simple matter for him to get out of Russia or even to return to St. Petersburg with perfect safety, provided he was disguised."

Baranok looked up with a half smile on his face.

"I hope the scoundrel will be caught," resumed Donald passionately. "I hope he will be made to suffer all that I have suffered. Lifelong toil at the mines is too good for him!"

A low inarticulate sound issued from Baranok's lips and he glanced up in such a ferocious manner that Donald drew back in alarm and repented his imprudent words.

Valbort laid his hand on his leader's shoulder. "Be careful!" he whispered in so low a tone that Donald did not catch the words. "Be careful, Feodor, and restrain yourself!"

This strange warning had a speedy effect on Baranok. His face assumed its usual expression, and he looked straight at Donald under his heavy eyebrows.

"Your story bears the stamp of truth," he said, "but as you claim to be an American, how does it happen that you speak our tongue so well? And your name—you have not yet told us that."

"I am an American," replied Donald, "but not by birth. I was born in St. Petersburg and lived there for some years with my parents—until they returned to the United States. My name is Donald Chumleigh—"

"What!" cried Baranok in a voice that rang through the cavern. "Your name is Donald Chumleigh?"

"Yes," said Donald, amazed at the effect of his words; "that is my name. Why do you ask? Have you heard it before?"

Baranok did not reply. His lips were working convulsively and his eyes were riveted on Donald with an intensity of gaze that made the latter shudder. His body swayed to and fro as though his strength was giving way. Pierre Valbort was in a similar state of stupefaction. He leaned against the cavern wall with a blank stare of amazement on his pallid features.

"And so you are Donald Chumleigh!" gasped Baranok hoarsely. "The son of Anson Chumleigh, the American merchant!"

"Anson Chumleigh was my father," replied Donald.

Before he could say more Valbort sprang forward and drew Baranok off into a dark corner of the cavern, where they conversed for a moment or two in low, excited tones, and then rejoined Donald, who had been watching them meanwhile with the utmost amazement.

Baranok was his old self again. All trace of agitation had disappeared, and his manner was quiet and stern.

"It was only natural that I should be overcome for a moment," he said to Donald. "I knew your father by name—that was all—but the mention of him recalled memories of my early life. Ah! how long ago that was! I have been in Siberia for more than twenty years." Baranok's voice grew husky and he paused a moment. "It was a great surprise to learn that you were a son of Anson Chumleigh," he continued. "It was better for you to have remained at home. Those who come voluntarily to Russia are fools. I am sorry for your misfortunes, but I do not see that I can help you in any way. If you remain here you must be one of us—bound by an oath to join in all our undertakings. As you probably suspect we are all convicts who have escaped from prison and from the mines."

"But can't you set me free," pleaded Donald, "if I take an oath to divulge nothing that I have seen or heard? If I could only get to Irkutsk and obtain audience with some high official I could convince him that my story was true and—" he stopped short, suddenly remembering to whom he was speaking.

"Tomorrow I will decide what to do with you," said Baranok with a hasty glance at Valbort. "You had better get some sleep now. Take a blanket and get as near the fires as possible."

This signified the interview to be at an end, so Donald left his companions, and after much trouble found space large enough to lie down upon near one of the fires. The convicts, wrapped up in blankets, were scattered all about the floor of the cavern, and with few exceptions were sleeping. Two men armed with rifles were guarding the entrance to the ledge, and another stood near the cluster of rocks which sheltered the young Russian girl. Out on the river the wind blew and the water swept with an endless roar over its rocky bed.

For a long time Donald remained awake, pondering over the strange things he had witnessed that evening. What connection was there between Serge Masloff and Baranok that could call forth those feeling words from the latter when he said to Valbort, "*You know what it means to me if this man is really Serge Masloff?*" Again, why should both Valbort and Baranok be so tremendously agitated at the mention of Donald's real name? Why did their faces turn pale and their eyes dilate with amazement, and why did they go aside and carry on that low, excited conversation?

That some deep meaning lay in all this Donald was convinced, but his efforts to

solve the mystery were vain, and at last he fell asleep, worn out by the disturbing nature of his thoughts.

Meanwhile, in a secluded corner of a cavern a long and secret interview took place between Feodor Baranok and Pierre Valbort, and all that was said at that interview related to Donald. It was close to midnight when the two convicts separated to seek their respective sleeping places.

"The greatest master of fiction could never invent anything like this," said Baranok impressively.

"It is incredible! I can hardly believe it true! To think that of all men in this wide world Anson Chumleigh's son should have blundered into the shoes of Serge Masloff! And Count Vasily Dagmar—what would be his feelings, Valbort, if he knew the truth? There are but three men today who *do* know it—you, I, and Serge Masloff. We must guard our secret well or some time it will be revealed."

"You are determined, then, to do this thing?" asked Valbort uneasily.

Baranok's face darkened, and he looked keenly at his companion.

"There is no other way," he said. "The lad must die. You know my feelings in this matter, Valbort. I am more than certain that Serge Masloff has returned to St. Petersburg and is carrying on the good work in perfect safety, since the police believe him to be far away in Siberia. I would commit any deed rather than imperil him now, for as you alone know, I want to see Russia again before long, and if he is there I shall join him. As for Donald Chumleigh—we will continue to call him by that time—whether we should allow him to go at will, or in accordance with your plan, hand him over to the authorities at the nearest post station, he would in either event find some one sooner or later to listen to and believe his story, and in the investigation that would surely follow Serge Masloff would be apprehended or compelled to flee from Russia forever. I tell you, Valbort, my mind is made up. *Absolute safety can be purchased for Serge Masloff only at the cost of Donald Chumleigh's life.* And have I not another cause to hate him? By taking his life do I not have the satisfaction of paying off the old score against his father? He must die and that is the end of it. I would save him if I could, for he is a brave lad and did me a service by rescuing the girl. But that all counts for nothing when Masloff's life is at stake? Why did the young fool not stay at home?"

"He would be better off had he done so," said Valbort grimly. "Your wishes are law, Feodor. The deed shall be done."

"And well done," said the other with a scowl. "No blundering, remember. And now for sleep. Tomorrow may be an eventful day, for I am expecting the messenger from Irkutsk at every hour."

CHAPTER XIX.

FOUL MURDER.

FEDOR Baranok was a thoroughly wicked and unscrupulous man. Seven times in the course of twenty years he had escaped from the mines, and six times had he been taken and dragged back to endure the harshest of punishments for his offense. But on the seventh occasion—a year previous to the incidents recently narrated—he eluded the authorities and eventually reached the desolate region lying to the northwest of Irkutsk, where the discovery of this secure hiding place on the bank of the Angara river suggested to him the daring plan that ultimately attained such success. The eight companions that had escaped with him formed the nucleus of his band, and it was augmented from time to time by

fresh arrivals, as in the case of Valborg, Loontef and Gross, and more recently by the daring attack on the post station.

Yet so cleverly had Baranok conducted his operations during the past year that the Siberian authorities, in their arrogance and blind ignorance, never for an instant dreamed that the occasional assaults on travelers and provision trains were committed by an organized band of escaped convicts who had a refuge close by in the mountains, or that the terrible Feodor Baranok himself was the leader, until the assault on the post station and the abduction of General Tichimiroff's daughter forced the truth upon their unwilling minds.

For several months past the band had been looking forward to and preparing for a deed of unusual magnitude—noting less than the capture of the transport train of gold which they knew went westward from the mines every year. One of Baranok's own men was in Irkutsk disguised as a traveling merchant, and as the transport train always moved slowly and only by day, he would have plenty of time to precede it and bring the news of its starting to his companions.

None had been more eager than Baranok himself to capture this rich prize, but during the past week his feelings had changed, and he had resolved on a new and selfish plan, suggested to him by the discovery that General Tichimiroff, accompanied by his daughter, was to make a journey westward from Irkutsk. As has been shown, he promptly took the initial steps by abducting the girl and taking her to the cavern, explaining to his unsuspecting companions that he wished to hold her as a hostage against a time of need.

In reality Baranok's plan was simply this: He was intensely anxious to get back to Russia, and he hoped to procure a free pardon from General Tichimiroff—whose influence was sufficient to obtain it—by promising if it was granted to deliver up his daughter uninjured, and if not, to take her life.

As matters stood now Baranok had every prospect of success, provided he could keep the girl safely until the search that was sure to be made had partly subsided. The capture of the transport train, if it proved successful, might endanger his chances; but he knew better than to attempt to thwart his men in this direction, so he made the traitorous resolve that in case his first proposition to General Tichimiroff should not be accepted, he would offer as an additional bribe, to reveal the hiding place of the stolen gold.

Baranok cared little for the fact that his contemplated plan involved the betrayal of his companions. He was perfectly willing to sacrifice them on the chance of obtaining a pardon and returning in perfect safety to the home he had not seen for twenty years.

This, then, was the situation at the time of the interview recorded in the last chapter between Baranok and Valborg.

At daybreak on the following morning one of the men—who had been absent during the night—came with a message for Baranok which put that individual in a decidedly bad humor. It was more than likely that Cossacks were in the vicinity, for no fires were built all day long, and Donald was placed in a secluded corner of the cavern and sternly commanded to stay there and to hold no communication with any one.

This state of affairs lasted for three days, during which period a constant watchfulness was maintained and there was much suffering from cold. Varia was kept in strict seclusion, and Donald did not even get a glimpse of her. On the fourth day fires were built as usual, and the men recovered their spirits.

The cloud, whatever it was, had gone by.

Two more days dragged monotonously along, and then came a change. At sunset a stranger arrived—a man more richly and warmly dressed than the members of the band, but he was evidently one of them, for they received him with delight, and dragged him to the fire and plied him with food and questions—the former of which he seemed to want badly—until Baranok interfered and took him away.

The convicts held a long and earnest conference that night at which the stranger was the center of attraction, and in which all took part, except the guards who kept an eye on Varia's corner and on Donald as well, for the latter had been subjected to strict surveillance during the last few days. He wondered now what all this excitement meant, but his vague surmises were far from the truth. He thought the visit was connected with the search that the Cossacks were making for Baranok and his band, but in reality the man was the long expected messenger, and he brought news to the effect that the transport train of gold was to have started from Irkutsk on the day after he left there—so that by this time it must be well on its way.

What took place that night Donald did not see, for he fell asleep before the conference ended.

He was rudely wakened very early in the morning—while it was yet dark—by none other than Baranok himself.

"Go and get something to eat," said the latter. "You will leave in a few minutes. My men have instructions to take you to the post road and set you free. But you must swear never to reveal anything you have seen or heard here, or to attempt to guide any one to the place."

Donald readily took the required oath and expressed his gratitude in warm terms.

"No need for thanks," said Baranok gruffly. "You should never have been brought here in the first place. But don't delay if you wish any breakfast."

Donald was not hungry, but he went down to the fires and was served with biscuit and a can of hot tea. He was surprised at the number of men who were to escort him to the post road—for no less than sixteen of the convicts were standing about the fires, all in marching order with heavy coats, caps and high boots, and armed both with rifles and pistols. Some of them had bags of provisions strapped to their backs.

Donald had hardly finished his tea and biscuit when the order came to start, and without delay the convicts climbed to the ledge and crept along the narrow path one at a time. The stranger who had arrived on the previous evening led off and was followed by Valborg and Gross, while Donald came next. Baranok was not with the party. He remained behind to guard his fair captive.

It was broad daylight when they reached the mouth of the valley where Donald's captors had joined their companions nearly a week before. It was bitterly cold, and snow was beginning to fall with persistency that indicated a storm of long duration.

Instead of turning up the valley the convicts followed the shore of the Angara river—for such this stream was—until the rocky banks began to draw close to the water. Then three long boats were dragged out from their hiding places in the fissures of the cliff, and the journey was continued by means of them.

Where the convicts could have obtained the boats was a mystery to Donald. They were firmly built and had ample room for six or eight men.

All day long the little fleet drifted down the rapid stream. No paddling

was necessary except to guide the boats through the rapids, and this was performed with a skill that proved the men to have made the same journey many times before. For nearly the whole distance the Angara flowed through a gloomy gorge. On both sides were cliffs of such height and steepness that their timbered crests seemed to almost meet overhead.

Donald was in the foremost boat in company with Valborg, Gross, and three others, but he paid little attention to what was going on around him, or to the conversation of his companions. His mind was a prey to reflections of the most harassing nature. He bitterly reproached himself for accepting so readily Baranok's offer of freedom, and leaving to her fate the young girl whose life he had saved. Had he remained in the cavern, he reflected, they might have found some means of escaping together, and now by his oath he had rendered himself powerless to help her—powerless to give any clew or assistance to her friends.

All day long he worried over the fate of this unfortunate girl, debating with himself whether he would be justified in breaking his oath. He gave no thought to the perils that lay in his own path until, late at night, the men landed and concealed the boats under a ledge of rocks that overhung the water. The snow was still falling and was half a foot deep on the ground.

For a short distance the convicts marched along the shore, then climbed the steep hill to their right, all reaching the summit in safety after many falls and backslidings. Then they pushed on along the ridge, which rose gradually in height until the river was at least one hundred and fifty feet below. The path followed the brink of the precipice, and great care was necessary to avoid slipping on the rocks that lay hidden under the snow. Donald knew that the post station road could not be far distant, and he was beginning to think, too, that the convicts had not come all this distance merely on his account. Their numbers seemed to indicate some special object—perhaps an attack on some post station or party of travelers.

Absorbed in these reflections Donald did not observe that he, Valborg and Gross had fallen behind the others until his attention was called to it in a startling manner.

The convicts suddenly stopped right on the brink of the precipice, and before Donald could divine their object Valborg struck him a murderous blow with a short club. He reeled backward, dizzy and blinded, and a violent shove from Gross sent him to the edge of the chasm, where he struggled in vain to get a foothold, and finally plunged downward with a cry that echoed far across the gorge.

Two or three seconds later a terrific splash was heard in the river one hundred and fifty feet below, and then all was silent.

Valborg and Gross glanced meaningfully at one another and hastened after their retreating companions.

(To be continued.)

THE WILDERNESS OF LABRADOR.

THERE has long been an unexplored region nearer to us than would be supposed. Labrador, a peninsula of British North America, is such a land. Its Atlantic shores are sparsely peopled by fishermen; its Hudson Bay side is dotted with stations of the Hudson Bay Company; the interior is inhabited of wandering tribes of Indians, and the northern portion, by Esquimaux. The interior and northern portions contain territories of which there is no recorded exploration. Bowdoin College recently sent out an expedition which has thrown much light on this hidden land, and the following description from the

Boston Transcript indicates some of the hardships that these explorers have suffered:

Messrs Cary and Cole, members of the Bowdoin College expedition, have performed the hitherto unchronicled feat of exploring the legendary grand falls on the table lands of Labrador. They started out, with two companions, in boats on July 26, and found little difficulty in navigating the river until August 8, when they reached a point five miles in advance of that reached by Mr. Holme in 1888. Young, one of the explorers, disabled an arm, and with a companion, turned back. Cary and Cole pushed on fifty miles farther, when the swift current forced them to leave their boat and proceed on foot. Their progress through the thick woods was slow, while mosquitoes and black flies pestered them greatly.

On August 13 they could hear the roar of the falls. Their provisions were nearly gone, stores having been cached on the way up, but they pushed resolutely on to the height of the Labrador plateau, called "The Height of Land." This plateau is the source of the stream, and the descent of the river to the sea forms the falls and rapids. As they neared the falls a magnificent sight was spread out before them. The spray, which was visible twenty miles, rose in a cloud from the descent of the water, and the solid rock beneath their feet trembled perceptibly. From the falls the water runs through a rocky canyon, the sides of which rise to a height of five hundred feet and are heavily wooded at the top. Through this canyon the water flows with terrific force.

The height of the falls has been grossly exaggerated, and while presenting a grand and beautiful sight, they measure only two hundred feet in perpendicular fall, the rapids leading to this fall increasing the total altitude to five hundred feet. Above the falls the average width of the river is five hundred yards, narrowing until it reaches the falls to a width of fifty yards, when it plunges with a terrific roar over the rapids and falls in the narrow gorge below. Mr Cole descended to the foot of the falls and succeeded in obtaining some good photographs of them.

Having completed the observations of the falls, they kept on a few miles above, to the height of land, where, from a peak—christened by them "Mt. Hyde—Bowdoin"—they had a fine prospect of the surrounding country. At this point their provisions being all but gone, they set out for a return. On reaching the point where they had left their boat, they found that the camp fire which they had built had consumed their boat, and with it their stock of provisions, a gun and an octant.

Their position was now somewhat critical. With a small hatchet they built a small raft of logs, bound together with spruce roots, and started on their voyage of three hundred miles down the river. Five rafts were necessary for completing the trip, and they suffered great hardships, subsisting a part of the time on squirrels killed with a small revolver. They reached their vessel September 1.

The falls which they discovered are reported to have been seen by two employees of the Hudson Bay Company, but no authentic account of any such discovery has been given.

THE LATEST DORY EXPEDITION.

MANY foolhardy attempts have been made to cross the Atlantic Ocean in dories and other craft approximating the walnut shell in size. Doubtless such undertakings find ample justification in the minds of their authors, but their utility to the general public has not been demonstrated, unless it is to furnish such thrilling narratives as the following from the *Boston Herald*:

Captain William A. Andrews, of the Mermaid, relates in his log his trials the last few days of his ocean voyage before he was picked up by the steamer Elbruse. He was in a driving northwest storm most of the time, with everything soaked and floating and his life in constant danger from the heavy seas, followed by sharks, and cold, wet and hungry.

His most thrilling experience was on August 17, when, while he was in the cockpit with the hatch open about twelve inches, his boat was turned over in the seas and finally settled bottom up, the water rushing through the cockpit hatch. Though stunned and dazed, he realized that some air still remained over his head at the floor of the boat as the vessel stood upside down. Taking a long breath and clearing away the cluttered contents of the cockpit from the hatch, he managed to jam it open and let himself down into the water, and succeeded, after an exhausting struggle, in reaching the keel and hoisting himself up on the bottom of the boat. While in this situation, with the seas breaking over him, he relinquished all hope of ever coming out of his venture alive. Finally, he noticed an inclination of the boat to heel as she rose on a steep wave, and as she was lifted up on another he leaned away out over the sea to assist the boat in righting, and finally succeeded in bringing his right side up again, leaving him floundering in the water. It was all he could do to get into the boat again.



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155 East 23d Street New York.

AN INDIAN STORY.

In next week's number of THE ARGOSY we shall begin

BLAZING ARROW, A TALE OF THE FRONTIER,

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS.

This new serial has for its hero young Wharton Edwards. Blazing Arrow, a member of the Shawnee tribe, is his bitter enemy. Wharton has a record as a runner, so has Blazing Arrow. The story opens with a race for life between them, and from this point on the interest is intense. Don't fail to read the first chapters next week and tell all your friends that "Blazing Arrow" is one of the very best stories Mr. Ellis has ever written.

MUSICAL FREAKS.

IN the universal craving for music, it is strange to what curious devices human ingenuity lends itself to meet the popular want and adapt it to limited talents. It would be well if the instruments thus produced were no worse than the xylophone; but in some entertainments a scale of cowbells has been produced, which made us long to hear the sweet and tuneful bellringers of the old circus.

Then, one sometimes sees people who spread before them a most sightly array of tumblers and goblets, and, with well rosined fingers, caress the crystal rims, with weird, melodious results; the steam calliope has thousands of followers; the musical stones were long a drawing card in small towns, and the kazoo saw an exciting career of popular applause. It only needed that some one should have the temerity to say, "you can't make a whistle of a pig's tail," and in a week dozens of them sent their shrill derision to the rash speaker. The next musical freak is looked for with interest.

RIOT WITHOUT REASON.

BEINGS endowed with brains yet commit acts so senseless as to be almost incredible, as, for instance, the continued opposition in the form of a regular riot which has for years taken place whenever an attempt has been made to produce any of the celebrated Wagner operas in Paris.

Last month for the first time in many years and in many attempts his opera, "Lohengrin", was finally produced in Paris with the aid of fifteen hundred police. On that occasion the same great mass of riotous hoodlums gathered outside the Opera House, shouting "Down with Wagner," and singing ribald songs and spoiling for an opportunity to rush into the building and satisfy their appetites for anarchy. The immense force of police, however, occupied itself in pouncing upon every one who could be caught raising the slightest disturbance and all such were promptly hustled to the lockup. Inside the house, also, policemen were everywhere in plain clothes, and whoever breathed a hiss was instantly arrested. The performance accordingly was successfully carried through and Parisians who were true lovers of the beautiful in

music were at last given an opportunity to hear at home a gem they had hitherto been forced to seek abroad.

This opposition originated many years ago when Wagner first attempted to have his opera, "Tannhauser", played in Paris. He put the ballet at the very beginning of the opera, and this did not suit the fashionable members of the Jockey Club, who went to the opera only for the ballet and never rose from dinner until nine o'clock. That the composer should so disregard their convenience angered this select club clique and they determined to impress their power upon him. They hired hundreds of rowdies to attend the representation, and these so continually hissed and groaned and cat called that the curtain was rung down. The same scene has occurred at every subsequent attempt to produce this master's works—why, those who take part in the riots probably know not.

A SUGGESTIVE CONTRAST.

IN the busy commercial district there is an amusing contrast to be observed. A tea shop of small dimensions, whose receipts are from purchases of less than a dollar, is painted in gaudy colors from roof to pavement and is literally covered with signs, lettering and placards, announcing its business, its policy, its specialties, its prices, and its moral views.

Just around the corner is a plain, brown stone building of most quiet aspect. People wonder what it is; if they look attentively they will see a small silver sign bearing only the firm name. No announcement of the nature of the business; no bid for trade appears. Yet this firm's smallest transaction is in the hundreds of dollars, and some in the hundreds of thousands, while its year's business aggregates many millions. If the contrast points a moral it is well, though without that it is curious enough to excite remark.

FATAL FUN.

WHY do some boys delight in horseplay and teasing that gives pain to others—indeed, with such fellows the more pain, the more spice to the fun. Such "play" has often been known to result in lifelong injury and but lately a death has been chronicled.

Some boys found great sport in holding a companion by the feet over the banisters, his head hanging downward. He swung against the stairway and his head struck the iron framework. He went to his home with an injured spine and died.

There are some few boys who know that the best and truest fun is found in giving pleasure rather than pain. A test is recommended.

REACHING FOR THE STARS.

IF only men grew as their works increased in size, what giants we would be, to be sure!

The mad ambition to have something a little bigger than the biggest that has gone before is a craze in which the American is not behind the rest of the world, and probably Chicago leads America in this craze.

The Eiffel tower, the tallest structure in the world, is to be overtopped in '93; while for the exposition of which it is to form a feature, it is predicted that it will be the "greatest show on earth." These are late instances. Another has just taken shape in a proposal to construct the tallest building in the world. Some of the specifications are: thirty four stories in height; a tower that can be seen from all points sixty miles away; a cost, for the building alone, of four million dollars.

The projectors of this stupendous edifice are the Chicago Odd Fellows, and the building is to be their temple, resting in a cranny of the huge pile of brick, stone and iron devoted to trade and other various uses.

Thus do we slowly approach the skies, but nature has set the limits to our encroachments in the domain of the constellations in many ways and the limit of expediency, if not of possibility, is nearly reached.

JULIUS C. BURROWS,

CONGRESSMAN FROM MICHIGAN.

In all the presidential campaigns of the past twenty years Julius C. Burrows has been an important and constant speaker for the Republican party. As such he is known throughout many States and is universally popular, principally because his humorous sallies are usually such a welcome relief on a programme of heavy political speeches.

He was born in the township of Northeast, Pennsylvania, on January 9, 1837. His father was a farmer and an Abolitionist of the most extreme wing. The boyhood days of the son were divided between farm



JULIUS C. BURROWS.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington.

work in summer and the limited opportunities of the district school during the winters; but when the family removed to Ohio, the young man worked his way through two high institutions of learning where he received a good classical education—so thorough, indeed, that he later took charge of the Madison Seminary, and subsequently of the public schools of Jefferson in the Western Reserve, devoting his scant leisure meanwhile, to the study of the law. In 1859 he was admitted to the bar, but continued for some time to be a pedagogue as principal of the Rockland Seminary.

The stirring times just previous to the late war drew Mr. Burrows into the vortex of political controversy, and he worked hard in the campaigns of '56 and '60, and later addressed many war meetings. He removed to Kalamazoo, Michigan, in 1860, bent on establishing a law practice, but in 1862 the spectacle of his four older brothers marching to the war was too much for him to withstand; he entered the service, raised a company of infantry and served till 1864, being under fire in several of the notable battles of those years.

In 1864 he returned to his neglected law practice and his political speech making. His career in public office began as a Prosecuting Attorney, which he was forced to resign during his second term because his private practice had grown so large. His first election to Congress occurred in 1872, and the same honor has been conferred on five subsequent occasions, his present term expiring in December next. He has declined two offices to which he had been appointed—Supervisor of Internal Revenue and Solicitor of the Treasury Department. His law practice is very extensive, and his speech making engagements entirely fill his time during political campaigns. His style of oratory is hardly classical, but rather, pithy, direct, quaint and humorous, making his arguments exceedingly effective with the masses.

His most notable speeches in Congress have been those on Inter-State Commerce, on the Civil Rights bill including the then advanced but now recognized principle of non compulsory separation of the races in the public schools, and on the Security of Elections in the South.

JUDSON NEWMAN SMITH.

GOOD ADVICE.

LAY the worries of the day
All at eventide away;
Put life's troubles on the shelf—
Be good natured to yourself!

—New York World.

TRUE TO HIMSELF;
OR,ROGER STRONG'S STRUGGLE
FOR PLACE.

BY EDWARD STRATEMEYER,
Author of "Richard Dare's Venture," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

A WAR OF WORDS.

No words of mine can express the feeling that came over me as I read the superscription written on the envelope I had picked up in the old tool house.

Was it possible that this envelope contained the solution of the mystery that had taken away our good name and sent my father to prison? The very thought made me tremble.

The packet was not a thick one. In fact it was so thin that for an instant I imagined the envelope was empty. But a hasty examination proved my fears groundless.

In nervous excitement I put the lantern down on the top of a barrel, and then drew from the envelope the single sheet of foolscap that it contained: A glance showed me that the pages were closely written in a cramped hand extremely difficult to read.

For the moment I forgot everything else—forgot that the Widow Canby's house had been robbed and that I was on the track of the robber—and drawing close to the feeble light the lantern afforded, strove with straining eyes and palpitating heart to decipher the contents of the written pages.

"I, Nicholas Weaver, being on the point of death from pneumonia, do make this my last statement, which I hereby swear is true in every particular."

This was the beginning of the document which I hoped would in some way free my father's character from the stain that now rested on it.

Exactly who Nicholas Weaver was I did not know, though it ran in my mind that I had heard this name mentioned by my father during the trial.

Beyond the opening paragraph I have quoted the handwriting was almost illegible, and it was only here and there that I could pick out such words as "bank," "assumed," "risk," "name," and so forth, which gave but an inkling of the real contents of the precious document.

"It's too bad," was my thought. "I'd give all I possess to be able to read this right off, word for word."

Hardly had the reflection crossed my mind when a noise outside startled me. I had just time enough to thrust the paper into my pocket when the door swung open and the tramp appeared.

He was evidently as much surprised as I was, for he stopped short in amazement, while the short pipe he carried between his lips fell unnoticed to the floor.

I rightly conjectured he had not noticed the light of the lantern and fully believed the tool house tenantless.

He uttered an exclamation which I think I have done just as well to forget, and then stepped back.

"You here!" he cried.

"It looks like it, doesn't it?" was all I could find to reply, and as I spoke my hand sought the pistol I carried.

"What brought you here?" he demanded roughly.

"I came after you," I returned as coolly as I could; and by this time I had the pistol where it could be brought into instant use.

"After me?"

"Yes."

"What do you want of me?"

"I want you to hand over the money you stole awhile ago."

"What are you talking about? I never stole no money."

"You did. You broke into the Widow Canby's house less than an hour ago. Come, hand over that money."

went on curiously, believing, no doubt, that he was perfectly safe from attack.

"I know more than you think. I know you are a burglar, and may be worse."

"I'll kill you!" he cried, rushing forward.

"Stand where you are!" I returned, pulling out the pistol. "Don't stir a step."

He did not see the weapon until he was fairly upon me. The glint of the nicked steel made him shiver.

"Don't shoot!" he cried in sudden terror, that showed he was a coward at heart. "Don't—don't shoot."

"I won't if you do as I tell you."

"Do what?"

"Give up the widow's money."

"Ain't got it."

"You have."

"See here, young fellow, you've made a mistake. I never was near the widow's house, 'cepting this morning."

hundred and fifty thousand," I cried sharply. "I'm no thief."

"Humph; don't you suppose I know who you are?" he went on. "You're the son of a thief. Do you hear that?—the son of a thief? What right have you got to set yourself up to be any better than your father was afore you?"

"Take care!"

My blood fairly boiled as I spoke. He saw his mistake.

"I didn't mean no harm, partner. But what's the use of being high toned when it don't pay?"

"It always pays to be honest," I said firmly.

"There are those who don't think so any more than I," he replied.

"My father was never a thief. They may say all they please, I will always think him innocent."

"Humph!"

"If it hadn't been for men like you and Nicholas Weaver my father would never be in prison."

The words were out before I knew it. They were most injudicious ones.

"What do you mean?" gasped the tramp.

"I mean just what I say. I know a thing or two, as well as you."

"You don't know nothing."

"Perhaps I do."

"What do you know about Nick Weaver?"

"More than you imagine."

"Don't believe it."

"I do," I went on recklessly. "When he died he made a confession——"

"Tain't so."

"It is."

"It's false. Nick Weaver wasn't in his right mind when he died, anyhow."

"Perhaps he was."

"What you——" began the tramp. Then he paused and began a rapid search in his pockets. "You've got that paper," he cried hoarsely. "Give it up."

"What paper?"

"You know well enough. Give it up, or I'll choke the life out of you."

As he spoke, John Stumpy took a threatening step towards me.

"Stand back!" and I raised the pistol.

I was trembling in every limb, but I actually believe I would have fired it if he had rushed upon me.

"I won't. Give up that paper."

"Never. I'll die first."

And die I would. His earnestness convinced me of the letter's worth. If it contained that which could clear my father's name only death would be the means of parting me from it.

"Give it up, I say! Do you think I'm to be downed by a boy?"

"Stand back!"

I raised the pistol on a level with his head. As I did so he made a dash forward and caught up the lantern.

"I'll fix you!" he hissed.

I pulled the trigger. There was no report. For some reason the cartridge failed to go off.

Surprised, I pulled again. This time the weapon was discharged—but too late.

Swinging the lantern over his head, the tramp brought it down with all his force on my arm, causing the pistol to fly from my hand into a corner beyond.

"Now we'll see who's boss here," he cried exultingly. "You're a smart boy, but you don't know everything!"



"I WANT THAT BOY ARRESTED AT ONCE. DON'T LET HIM ESCAPE."

The tramp gave a coarse laugh.

"Ha ha! do you think I'm to be bluffed by a boy? Git home with you, before I hammer you for calling me a thief."

"That's just what you are, and I don't intend to go until you hand over the money," I returned decidedly.

"Take care——!"

"I'm not afraid of you," was my cool reply, though I was tremendously excited.

"I'll do you up!" he hissed, and it was plain to see he was getting ugly.

"Two can play at that game, John Stumpy."

"Hal you know my name?"

I bit my lip. I was sorry for the slip I had made. But I put on bold front. "I know what you are called," I replied.

"What I am called?"

"Yes."

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing."

"Yes, you do. Come out with it."

"I will when I please. In the meantime hand over that money."

"You talk like a fool!" he cried.

"Never mind. You'll find I won't act like one."

"What do you know about me?" he

know better. You just broke open her desk and stole over two hundred dollars."

"It's all a mistake."

"No, it isn't."

"Yes, it is. Put down the pistol and I'll tell you all about it."

"I'm not such a fool, Mr. John Stumpy, or whatever your name is," was my decided reply.

The tone of my voice disconcerted the tramp, for he paused as if not knowing what to say next.

"Say, young feller, do you want to make some money?" he asked suddenly, after a short pause.

The change in his manner surprised me.

"How?" I asked, although I knew about what was coming.

"I've got nearly three hundred dollars in cash with me. I'll give you half of it if you'll go home and say you couldn't find me nowhere."

"Thank you; I'm not doing business that way," I rejoined coldly.

"A hundred and fifty dollars ain't to be sneezed at," he went on insinuatingly.

"I wouldn't care if you offered me a

And rushing over to the corner, he secured the pistol and aimed it at me.

"Now, we'll settle this matter according to my notions," he went on triumphantly.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE STRUGGLE.

I WAS deeply chagrined at the unexpected turn affairs had taken, and I felt decidedly uncomfortable as John Stumpy leveled the pistol at my head.

I could readily see that the battle of words was at an end. Action was now the order of the day.

I wondered what the tramp would do next; but I was not kept long in suspense.

"Now, it's *my* turn, young fellow," he added, with a shrewd grin, as I fell back.

"Well, what do you want?" I asked, as coolly as I could, recognizing the fact that nothing was to be gained by "stirring him up."

"You'll see fast enough. In the first place, hand over that paper."

I was silent. I did not intend to tell a falsehood by saying I did not have it, nor did I intend to give it up if it could possibly be avoided.

"Did you hear what I said?" continued Stumpy after a pause.

"I did."

"Then do as I say."

"What paper do you want?"

"You know well enough."

"Perhaps I don't."

"You do that. Come, young fellow; I've got the bulge on you, and the sooner you recognize it the better."

"I thought you said the paper wasn't valuable," I went on, more to gain time than anything else.

"Neither it ain't, but, just the same, I want it. Come, hand it over."

He was getting ugly now, and no mistake. What was to be done?

As I have mentioned before, it would have been useless to call for help, as no one would have heard the calls.

Suddenly the thought struck me to try a bit of deception. I put my hand in my pocket and drew out the empty envelope.

"Is that what you want?" I asked, holding it up.

"Reckon it is," he returned eagerly. "Just toss it over."

Somewhat disappointed that he did not approach me and thus give me a chance of attacking him I did as requested. It fell at his feet, and he was not long in transferring it to his pocket.

"Next time don't try to walk over a man like me," he said sharply. "I know a thing or two, and I'm not to be downed by a boy."

"Are you satisfied?" I asked calmly, though secretly exultant that he had not discovered my trick.

"Not yet. You followed me when you had no business to, and now you've got to take the consequences."

"What are you going to do?"

"You'll see soon enough. I ain't the one to make many mistakes. Years ago I made a few, but I ain't making no more."

"You knew my father quite well, didn't you?" I inquired, in deep curiosity.

"As the old saying goes: 'Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no lies.' Maybe I didn't; maybe I did."

"I know you did."

"Well, what of it? So did lots of other people."

"But not quite as well as you, and Nicholas Weaver and Mr. Aaron Woodward," I continued, determined to learn all I could.

"Ha! What do you know of them?" He scowled at me. "Reckon you've been reading that paper of Nick's putty

closely. I was a blamed fool for not tearing it up long ago."

"Why did you keep it—to deliver it to Mr. Wentworth?"

It was a bold stroke and it told. Stumpy grew pale in spite of the dirt that covered his face, and the hand that held the pistol trembled.

"Say, young fellow, you know too much, you do. I suppose you read that paper clear through, did you?"

"As you say: Maybe I didn't; maybe I did."

"Perhaps you wasn't careful of it. Maybe I'd better examine it," he added.

My heart sank within me. In another moment the deception I had practiced would be known, and then?

He fumbled in his pocket and drew forth the envelope. He could not extract the letter he supposed it contained with one hand very well, and so lowered the pistol for a moment.

This was my chance. Unarmed I was evidently in his power. If I could only escape from the tool house!

The door still stood partly open, and the darkness of night—for the moon had gone down—was beyond. A dash and I would be outside. Still the tramp stood between me and liberty. Should I attack him or endeavor to slip to one side?

I had but an instant to think, another, and it would be too late.

John Stumpy was fumbling in the envelope. His eyes were reaching for the precious document.

With a single bound I sprang against him, knocking him completely off his feet. Then I made another jump for the door.

But he was too quick for me. Dropping the envelope and the pistol he caught me by the foot, and in an instant both of us were rolling on the floor.

It was an unequal struggle. Strong as I was for a boy of my age I was no match for this burly man. Turn and twist all I could, he held me in his grip while he heaped loud imprecations upon my head.

Over and over we rolled upon the floor, and each second I realized that he was getting the better of me.

Suddenly my elbow touched the butt of the pistol and I made a grab for it.

Stumpy saw the movement.

"No you don't!" he ejaculated. "Two can play at that game."

And hauling me aside he tried his best to reach the weapon.

Then began a desperate struggle. Let him once gain possession of the pistol and I was worsted.

In our movements on the floor we came in contact with the lantern and upset it, smashing the frame as well as the glass.

For a moment darkness reigned. Then a tiny light from the corner lit up the place.

The flames had caught the shavings.

"The place is on fire!" I cried in horror.

"Yes, and you did it," replied the tramp.

"It was you!" I returned stoutly, and, as a matter of fact, it may be as well to state that John Stumpy's foot had caused the accident.

"Not much, it was your fault and you've got to take the blame."

As the tramp spoke he caught me by the throat, squeezing it so tightly that I was in great danger of being choked to death.

"Let—let up!" I gasped.

"Not much! Reckon I'll finish you!" he hissed.

The choking continued. My head began to grow dizzy, and strange lights danced before my eyes.

I protested against this proceeding as vigorously as I could by kicking the tramp sharply and rapidly.

But Stumpy now meant to do me real injury. He realized that I knew too much for his future welfare. In fact, he, no doubt, imagined I knew far more than I really did. If I was out of the way for all time so much the better for him.

"Take that!" he suddenly cried, and springing up he brought his heel down with great force on my head.

I cannot describe the sensation that followed. It was as if a sharp, blinding pain had stung me to the very heart.

Then the blow was repeated, even harder than before.

"Reckon he's done for now," I heard the tramp mutter. "I don't think he'll ever trouble me again. A good job finished."

Then my senses forsook me.

How long I lay in a comatose state I do not know. Certainly it could not have been a very long time—probably not over five or six minutes.

In the meantime the fire rapidly spread, igniting the barrels that were stored in the tool house, and climbing up the walls of the building to the roof.

When I recovered my senses my face was fairly scorched, and no sooner had I opened my eyes than they were blinded by smoke and flame.

By instinct rather than reason I staggered to my feet. I was so weak I could hardly stand, and my head spun around like a top. Where was the door?

I tottered to one side and felt around. There was the window tightly closed. The door I knew was opposite.

Reeling like one intoxicated I made my way through the smoke that now seemed to fill my lungs, to where I knew the door to be.

Oh, horror! it was closed and secured!

John Stumpy had meant to burn up the tool house and myself together!

"Heaven help me now!" burst from my parched lips. "Am I to be roasted alive?"

With all my remaining strength I threw myself against the door. Once, and again, and still it did not budge.

"Help! help!" I cried at the top of my voice.

No answer came to my cry. The fire behind me became hotter and hotter. The roof had now caught and the sparks fell down upon me in a perfect shower.

Another moment and it would be all over. With a brief prayer to God for help in my dire need, I attacked the door for the last time.

At first it did not budge. Then there was a creaking, a sharp crack, and at last it flew wide open.

Oh, how grateful was the breath of fresh air that struck me! I stumbled out into the clearing and opened wide my throat to take in the pure draught.

Then for the first time I realized how nearly I had been overcome. I could no longer stand, and swooning, sank in a heap to the ground.

CHAPTER IX.

NEW TROUBLE.

HE'S alive, boys."

These were the words that greeted my ears on recovering my senses. I opened my eyes and saw that I was surrounded by a number of boys and men.

"How did you come here?" asked Handy Morse, a sturdy farmer who lived in the neighborhood.

I was too much confused to make any intelligent reply. Rising to a sitting position I gazed around.

The tool house had burned to the ground, there being no means at hand to extinguish the fire. The glare of the conflagration had called out several dozens of people from Darbyville and the vicinity, several of whom had stumbled upon me as I lay in the clearing.

"What's the matter, Roger?" asked

Larry Simpson, a young man who kept a bookstore in the town.

"The matter is that I nearly lost my life in that fire," I replied.

"How did you come here?"

As briefly as I could I related my story, leaving out all references to my personal affairs and the finding of Nicholas Weaver's statement. At present I considered it would do no good to disclose what I knew on those points.

"I think I saw that tramp yesterday," said Larry after I had finished. "He bought a sheet of paper and an envelope in my store, and then asked if he could write a letter there."

"And did he?" I asked in curiosity.

"Yes. At first I hated to let him do it—he looked so disreputable—but then I thought it might be an application for a position, and so told him to go ahead."

"Who did he write to, do you know?"

"Somebody in Chicago, I think."

"Do you remember the name?"

"He tried the pen on a slip of paper first. It wouldn't write very well. But I think the name was Holtzmann, or something similar."

I determined to remember the name. It might prove of value some time.

"The thing of it is," broke in Handy Morse, "what has become of this Stumpy? If he stole the Widow Canby's money it's high time somebody was after him."

"That's true," ejaculated another. "Have you any idea which way the fellow went?"

Of course I had not. Indeed I was hardly in condition to do any rational thinking, much less form an opinion. The tramp might be in hiding close at hand or he might be miles away.

"Some of us had better make a search," put in another. "Come, boys, we'll spread out and scour the woods."

"That's a good idea," said Tony Parsons, the constable of the town. "Meanwhile, Roger Strong, let us go to Judge Penfold's house and put the case in his hands. He'll get out a warrant, and perhaps a reward."

I thought this was a good idea, and readily assented, first, however, getting one of the boys to promise that he would call at the widow's house and quiet Kate's fears concerning my whereabouts.

It was now the gray dawn of the early morning, and we had no difficulty in making our way through the woods to the main road.

"Guess we won't find the judge up yet," remarked Tony Parsons as we hurried along. "I've never yet found him out of bed afore seven o'clock. It will make him mighty mad to get up afore this time."

"I'm sorry to disturb him," I replied, with something of awe at the thought of rousing a magistrate of the law.

"But it's got to be done," went on Parsons with a grave shake of his head, "unless we all want to be murdered and robbed in our beds!"

"That's true. I'd give all I'm worth to catch that tramp."

"Reckon Widow Canby'll be dreadfully cut up when she hears about the robbery."

"I suppose so."

"She may blame you, Roger. You see if it was anybody else it would be different. But being as it's you, why—"

"I know what you mean," I returned bitterly. "No one in Darbyville believes I can be honest."

"I ain't saying nothing against you, Roger," returned Parsons hastily. "I reckon you ain't no worse than any other boy. But you know what public sentiment is."

"So I do; but public sentiment isn't always right," was my spirited answer.

"Who did you say those boys were that tied you up?" went on the constable, to change the subject.

"Duncan Woodward was the principal one."

"Phew! Reckon he didn't think tying you up would prove such a serious matter."

"If it hadn't been for that the robbery might have been prevented."

"You wouldn't have known anything about it."

"That's true. But I would have been home guarding the widow's property, as she expected me to do."

"Reckon so you would."

"In a certain sense I hold Duncan Woodward and his followers responsible for what has occurred."

"Phew! What will Mr. Woodward say to that, I wonder?"

"I can't help what he says. I'm not going to bear all the blame when it isn't my fault."

"No, neither would I."

At length we reached the outskirts of the town. Judge Penfold lived at the top of what was termed the Hill, the aristocratic district of the place, and thither we made our way.

"Indeed, but the judge ain't stirring yet!" exclaimed the Irish girl who came to answer our summons at the door.

"Then wake him at once," said Parsons. "Tell him there has been a most atrocious robbery and assault committed."

"Mercy on us!" said the girl, lifting up her hands in horror. "And who was it, Mr. Parsons?"

"Never mind who it was. Go at once."

"I will that! Robbery and assault. Mercy on us!"

And leaving us standing in the hall the hired girl sped up the front stairway.

"The judge will be down as soon as he can," she reported on her return.

We waited as patiently as we could. While doing so I revolved what had occurred over in my mind, and came to the conclusion that the crime would be a difficult one to trace. The tramp had probably made good use of his time, knowing that even if I had lost my life in the fire my sister would still recognize him as the thief.

Suddenly I thought of the written confession that must yet remain in my pocket, and I was on the point of assuring myself that it was still safe when a heavy footstep sounded overhead, and Judge Penfold came down.

The judge was a tall, slender man of fifty, with hollow cheeks, a pointed nose and sharp chin. His voice was of a peculiarly high and rasping tone, and his manner far from agreeable.

"What's the trouble?" he demanded, and it was plain to see that he did not relish having his early morning sleep broken.

"Widow Canby's house was robbed last night," replied the constable; and he gave the particulars.

Judge Penfold was all ears at once. Indeed, it may be as well to state that he was a widower and had paid Widow Canby much attention, which, however, I well knew that good lady heartily resented. No doubt he thought if he could render her any assistance it would help along his suit.

"We must catch the fellow at once," he said. "Parsons, you must catch him without fail."

"Easier said than done, I reckon, judge," replied the constable doubtfully. "Where am I to look for him? The country around here is pretty large."

"No matter. You are constable and it is your duty to seek him out. I will sign the warrant for his arrest, and you must have him in jail by tonight, without fail."

"I'll do what I can, judge," returned Parsons meekly.

"And you, Strong, I'll have to bind you over as a witness."

"Bind me over?" I queried in perplexity. "What do you mean?"

"Hold you, unless you can give a bond to appear when wanted."

"But I had nothing to do with the burglary."

"You are principal accuser of this John Stumpy."

"Well, I'll promise to be on hand whenever wanted."

"That is not sufficient. Your character is—is not—ahem! of the best, and—"

"Why is my character not of the best?" I demanded.

"Well, ahem! Your father, you see—"

"Is innocent."

"Perhaps—perhaps, but, nevertheless, I will have to hold you. Parsons, I will leave him in your charge."

"You have no right to arrest me," I cried, for I knew very little of the law.

"What's that?" demanded Judge Penfold pompously. "You forget I am the judge of that."

"I don't care," I burst out. "I have done no wrong."

"It ain't that, Roger. Many innocent men are held as witnesses," put in Parsons.

"But I've got to attend to Mrs. Canby's business," I explained.

"I guess Mrs. Canby would rather get on the track of her money," said Judge Penfold severely. "Can you furnish bail?"

I did not know that I could. The woman who had been robbed was my only friend, and she was away.

"Then you'll have to take him to the lockup, Parsons."

This news was far from agreeable. It was no pleasant thing to be confined in one of the Darbyville jail cells, not to say anything of the anxiety it might cause Kate. Besides, I wanted to follow up John Stumpy. I was certain I could do it fully as well as Parsons the constable.

"Come, Roger, there is no help for it," said Parsons, as I still lingered. "It's the law, and it won't do no good to kick."

"Maybe not, but, nevertheless, it isn't fair."

We walked out into the front hall, the judge following us.

"Of course if you can get bail any time during the day I will let you go," he said, "I will be down in my office from nine to twelve and two to four."

"Will you offer a reward for the capture of the man," I asked.

"I cannot do that. The freeholders of the county attend to all such matters. Parsons, no doubt, will find the scoundrel."

As the judge finished there was a violent ringing of the door bell. Judge Penfold opened the door and was confronted by Mr. Aaron Woodward, who looked pale and excited.

"Judge, I want you—hello! that boy! Judge, I want that boy arrested at once! Don't you let him escape!"

"Want me arrested?" I ejaculated in astonishment. "What for?"

"You know well enough. You thought to hide your tracks, but I have found you out. Parsons don't let him get out of the door. He's a worse villain than his father was!"

(To be continued.)

POOR DOG.

MAUD—"I am sorry to hear you have lost your Fido."

CLARA—"Yes, and it makes me cry to think of his painful end. He swallowed a Waterbury watch, and the spring got loose inside of him."—*Yenowine's News*.

HER GREAT LOVE.

"COULD you love me, darling," he whispered with a tender, pleading look in his eyes, "if I had only one coat to my back?"

"I could," she replied softly, as she nestled in his great, strong Yorkville arms. "if I knew you had sacrificed the others to buy me a new dress."—*Clothes and Furnisher*.

GOLDEN ROD.

IT grows 'mid tangled underwood,
All brilliant in the fields,
And o'er our hearts a subtle spell.
Its golden beauty wields.

Perchance some exile's foot hath pressed
The road with weary tread,
When lo! from out the wayside growth
It rears its bonny head.

Not with the first faint tints of spring
Are its bright blossoms seen;
But radiant in its garb, and decked
With autumn's fruitful sheen.

Then hail! bright floweret of our choice,
With multiform design;
Though many in thy blossoms' wealth
Still one on parent vine!

—*Boston Transcript*.

OUR THEATER.

BY SHIRLEY FAIRFAX.

IT was to Phil Hazlett that we owed the brilliant idea of establishing a theater. The boys of Dr. Magill's "English and Classical School"—we belonged to Professor Birch's Academy—had an athletic club, which met twice each week in a vacant lot for boxing, wrestling, and running matches, to which we were not admitted save as envious spectators from the outside of the fence. This superiority of the Magillians cost us many a heartburn, until Phil, the brightest and most enterprising of our class, hit upon the happy expedient of establishing a theater—after which we walked proudly past the Magill camp, with a dignified consciousness of the superiority of intellectual over mere physical power. The members of our dramatic corps also adopted professional badges, as imparting an air of distinction and importance—a bit of blue ribbon worn upon the left breast, and stamped with the cabalistic ciphers, P. T. C., signifying Pimlico Theatrical Company; and our indignation was extreme when on the following week, the Magill faction appeared adorned with badges of scarlet ribbon stamped with the initials M. A. C., for Member of the Athletic Club.

We experienced some difficulty in hiring a large disused carriage house from a pious old lady who entertained conscientious scruples in regard to the morality of theatrical performances. It took a good deal of rhetoric to convince her that ours, being of a purely historical character, would be only a source of instruction and improvement; but she finally yielded on our promising to devote five per cent. of our proceeds to a missionary society. We then proceeded to clean out and whitewash our premises, and put up a stage and tiers of benches formed of planks from a pile of old lumber in an adjoining lot. Candles and tin sconces were purchased with our company funds, and the drop curtain was formed of green moreen bed hangings, purloined for the occasion by Bob Farness from an ancient store of his grandmother's. This was arranged on rollers and pulleys by Jem Long, a carpenter's apprentice, to whom, in consideration of this valuable service, we presented a season ticket.

We found a difficulty in agreeing upon the subject of our first performance, some of the boys being in favor of pirates and highwaymen, and others of Indians, while the rest would hear of nothing but knights and nobles in plumes and armor. A compromise was at length effected by agreeing to introduce all these characters into our drama, and the subject chosen as most favorable to this purpose was the well known story of "Pocahontas"; only, with a masculine contempt for everything feminine, we unanimously agreed to call our play "Powhatan" instead of "Pocahontas."

Our next difficulty was in prevailing upon one of our dramatic corps to take

the part of the Indian Princess. This being fully settled by lot, it fell to George Bailey, who submitted with the very worst grace imaginable, and was, henceforth, almost as sullen and savage as a real Indian.

The next point of discussion was the question of admitting girls to our performance. The first vote resulted in an almost unanimous negative, accompanied by many contemptuous reflections on the fair sex, such as, "What should *gyruls* know about theaters?" "They wouldn't be able to understand anything of the play;" "They would talk and fidget all the time and giggle or screech at everything;" and "What business had girls to be bothering round boys, *any way?*" But half a dozen of the older and most influential stood up manfully for the fair sex, and when it became understood that most of the boys' sisters and cousins refused to assist in sewing on our costumes except on express condition of witnessing the performance, the admission of ladies became a matter of necessity, to which we succumbed, though mostly under protest.

The great day of the performance at length arrived. How proudly our hearts swelled, and how important we felt, as we glided mysteriously in and out of the sail cloth inclosure, which screened the carriage house door, greeted by the mingled cheers and jeers of the juvenile rabble outside. At first we affected a dignified unconsciousness of this vulgar mob, but when they began to go on their knees to peep under the sail cloth, and to swarm up the poles to get a view above it, it was time to assert our authority. A hurriedly organized police-guard was accordingly posted about the entrance, armed with sharpened laths, for keeping the rabble at a distance. This, however, had the effect of exciting public indignation, and soon a yet larger crowd assembled, reviling and jeering at the P. T. C., and casting objectionable missiles within the inclosure. Twice did our manager, Phil Hazlett, address the mob from the fan light over the stable door, desiring them to either disperse or observe proper order; but when, in answer to this rational appeal, an old shoe was flung through the skylight, followed by a deceased cat, which fell in the very midst of the classic area of the stage, we lost all patience, and, sallying forth in a body, we put the rabble to flight, thrashing two or three of the smallest by way of warning to the rest. Still, the crowd continued to collect, with impatient howls for admittance, mingled with barks, brays and cat calls; and when at length the doors were thrown open, there was an immense rush, which filled the house to overflowing. Among the company, we observed many of the Magill faction, in red ribbons, and accompanied, not only by girls, but, to our chagrin, by grown up ladies, and one or two old gentlemen.

The curtain rose!—that is, it rose about two feet, and then stopped. There was some confusion on the stage, and hisses from the audience, in the midst of which it again rose—slowly and majestically this time—and revealed a scene which changed the hisses into rounds of applause.

There, representing a forest, beneath a bower of cedar branches, on a throne covered with a panther skin, (it was really a calf skin; but, then, as we flattened ourselves, nobody knew the difference), sat his majesty, King Powhatan, in council with his chiefs, all attired in orthodox blankets, feathers and war paint. After a solemn discussion, in very broken English, consisting of grunts and gutturals, Captain John Smith and two of his men are brought in, attired as pirates, in swords and pistols, red tasseled caps and Zouave

trowsers, and having their hands pinned. Sentence being passed on them, the two sailors are led away to be burned at the stake, while their leader is laid on the stone of sacrifice, and a fierce savage steps forward with uplifted club. At this moment, in rushes *Pocahontas*, in beads, feathers and long jute tresses, and with remarkably thick ankles and waist. With a shriek—or, more properly, a howl—she throws herself heavily upon the prostrate captive, and with clasped hands and eyes streaming with real tears, implores her father to spare his life. But, unfortunately, George Bailey had made too liberal use of professional onion, and the result was such a winking, snuffing and contortion of feature, that the audience was convulsed with laughter—especially when *Captain Smith*, catching the infectious onion odor, became similarly affected, and his hands being tied, was reduced to the necessity of wiping his watering eyes and nose upon his shoulder. Somebody flung a carrot, and another an ancient egg; but, luckily, this latter miscreant (an Athlete) was detected and ignominiously expelled, after which the play peacefully proceeded. The first act ended in *Powhatan's* embracing *Smith*, and presenting the pipe of peace; and the curtain fell amid enthusiastic applause from all but the Athletes.

An interlude of negro minstrelsy and dancing followed, by Bob Turness and two others, appropriately bewooled and besmooted, and before the tumultuous applause had died away, the curtain rose on the second, and final, act.

In this, *Pocahontas* and *Rolfe* appeared in the midst of painted Indians and plumed English nobles, about to be united in the holy bonds of wedlock. *Captain John Smith* stood on the right of the stage, in tin armor, and conspicuously facing him, on the left, was *Sir Walter Raleigh*, in ruff and plumed hat, and with a bridal bouquet of tobacco leaves in his hand—this last a happy hit upon which we prided ourselves, *Sir Walter* having been the first to introduce tobacco into England. Just as the ceremony commences, a terrific war-whoop is heard, and a score of hostile savages, in war paint and tomahawks, spring upon the stage and proceed to massacre half the company—including *Raleigh*, who makes a gallant resistance, but finally falls, close to the footlights. *Captain Smith* and several others are bound to the stake, around which some of the victorious savages proceed to heap fagots, while the rest perform a vigorous war dance, accompanied with blood curdling yells. The signal being now given, a ferocious savage appears with a burning torch, which he waves wildly above his head as he approaches the victims, two of whom, being Indians, commence singing a death chant in very unintelligible gutturals, to the measure of Longfellow's "Hiawatha." Here, on this thrilling tableau, the curtain should have finally fallen; but, unfortunately, there was again something amiss with the ropes. In vain the small curtain hoisters at the sides pulled and tugged, until one of the dead Indians was seen to open his eyes and distinctly heard to say: "T'other rope, stupid!" This supernatural advice proving of no avail, King *Powhatan* was compelled ignominiously to come to life again, and assist with his own hands at the defective machinery, at the same time bestowing upon the small hoister a vindictive cuff. Then the curtain came down with a crash, leaving *Sir Walter's* body in full view of the audience, until hastily jerked out of sight by *Captain Smith*, to whom he was seen to administer a vicious kick as he finally disappeared. This last performance was greeted with a perfect storm of hoots, yells, and derisive laughter.

Of course, the audience were not witnesses of the concluding act behind the scenes, when *Pocahontas* and *Smith* went in for a game of fisticuffs, in regard to the onion, and a cruel pinch, which the Indian princess accused *Smith* of having administered to her as she wept upon his body. But, passing over these little disagreements and accidents, it was unanimously resolved that we had achieved a brilliant success in this, our first, theatrical performance—especially the war whoop and death dance, which we doubted whether real Indians could surpass—and some of us were so elated that we then and there resolved to devote ourselves to the stage as soon as we should arrive at an age for choosing a profession.

[This story began in No. 453.]

NORMAN BROOKE; OR, *BREASTING THE BREAKERS.*

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JR.,

Author of "My Mysterious Fortune," "Eric Dane," etc.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

I TREAD THE BOARDS FOR THE FIRST TIME.

A S I passed the front of the Boulevard Theater, I noticed quite a number of people purchasing tickets at the box office, and this recalled to my mind what I had said to Cameron that night, which seemed so long ago now, about my disinclination to attend theatrical performances. Of course I had reference to my uncle's death, and here I was, about to appear on the stage myself.

"But this is business, not pleasure," I reflected as I entered the queer, box-like structure that proved to be the entrance to the stage door.

A short man in his shirt sleeves was on his feet in an instant, barring the way. "I want to see Mr. Dempster," I said, at the same time producing the card the manager had given me.

The sight of this had a magical effect. The Cerberus at the gate stood back and waved me ahead into a narrow doorway, just inside of which flamed the jet of gas, protected by a wire netting arrangement, which we all invariably associate with the regions behind the scenes. Passing this I found myself amid a mass of scenery, in which I might have lost my way had not the sound of music—a lusty chorus with full orchestral accompaniment—guided me to the front.

Turning a wing representing a palm tree in a desert I came upon a strange sight. The stage was filled with people, men, women and children, all singing at the top of their voices and swinging their arms and rolling their heads as if they were inmates of a lunatic asylum.

But a second glance explained that it was the everyday dress they wore which was accountable for this—costumed in the attire which belonged to the parts they played no discrepancy would be apparent. Mr. Dempster stood clear at the front near one of the proscenium boxes, watching and listening critically. I waited until the chorus was ended, and then worked my way around to him while the leader of the orchestra was scolding some of the men for not keeping up to time.

"Ah, here you are just when we need you!" exclaimed the manager, giving me a little pat on the shoulder instead of a hand shake. "We've just got to the dance of the young natives," and he waved his hand toward eight colored children who had now stepped toward the front of the stage. "You see it's supposed to be a sort of *fête* day, and while they are dancing you can be doing

tricks for the rest of the crowd. Now go back there and practice with them with just the materials you have. Come, I'll go with you and explain."

It was embarrassing of course. Every body stared at me as if wondering what business I had there any way. But in a few words Mr. Dempster announced what was expected of me and then indicated two of the men, a woman and a child, who were to aid me in my tricks.

"You needn't say anything, Brooke," he added, turning to me. "You couldn't be heard if you did, and besides these natives are not supposed to be able to understand you. Now let's see what you can do in the way of pantomime!"

This was going to be rather difficult, and I got stuck several times. But Mr. Dempster was very patient and encouraged me to persevere. Then the colored dancers were not as yet by any means perfect, so that there was plenty of time to repeat.

"And you want some more materials, I see," the manager remarked. "Something picturesque. Just make a memorandum of what you would like and I'll see that we have them here by this time tomorrow. Here, leap over into this box and think up what would be most effective. Then as soon as the act is over I'll see about your costume."

So I luxuriated in a private box seat for the next quarter of an hour while the rehearsal went on. The music was charming, and Mr. Cooper, the funny man, seemed to be made of India rubber, so fantastic and apparently easy of accomplishment were his contortions.

He certainly presented a ridiculous appearance as he flopped about the stage in his shirt sleeves, for he was dressed in a tweed suit of rather loud check pattern, and every time he had a breathing spell he walked off to one side and took a few whiffs from his cigar, which he was obliged by rule to keep in his dressing room.

At length Mr. Dempster came over to me, fanning himself with his derby.

"Come, Brooke," he said, "I'll take you up to Teller, our wardrobe man, and see what he can do for you."

I vaulted over the velvet topped railing and followed the manager out into the wings and up a spiral iron stairway into a room that looked more like an old clothes shop than anything else. Mr. Teller was a round shouldered German, with spectacles resting on the extreme end of his nose. Mr. Dempster told our errand and then asked for my memorandum.

"Now I must hurry back for the next act," he added. "I shall leave you with Teller, Brooke. When he is through with you may go and report for another rehearsal tomorrow morning at ten."

The German took my measure, tried on me several rather gaudy costumes, and finally decided on one which he declared he could easily alter to fit. Then I left my memorandum of magical property requirements with him and departed.

The theater was not very far from Mrs. Max's, and I presently stood on the familiar stoop.

"La, Mr. Brooke, you do be lookin' as if you'd seen a ghost!" exclaimed Julia, the maid, when she opened the door.

"Yes, I have been very ill," I told her. "Is Mrs. Max at home?"

"Yes, sir. Step into the parlor."

The landlady seemed very glad to see me, and told me that I could have my old room again.

"Have you seen Mr. Cameron lately?" she asked.

"I bid him good by last night," I replied, and explained what a fine opening he had found in Chicago.

"I do hope he will get along," she said, with almost a break in her voice.

"His mother was one of the best women that ever lived."

"And Dale has some splendid points about him," I returned, and, then, on the impulse of the moment I told of the sewing machine episode.

Mrs. Max seemed delighted to hear of this affair, and our common interest in Cameron served to make us very good friends in brief time.

I winced a little when she asked when they might expect my trunk. I knew I could not get this much under three weeks—till I had saved enough from my salary to pay the twenty five dollars for which the people at the hotel held it.

I took lunch at the house and was introduced by Mrs. Max—next to whom I sat—to the large lady with the two daughters who had looked with such disapproval on Cameron. But nobody seemed very talkative, except the landlady and myself. She told me that the Camerons had at one time been very wealthy. They were a Baltimore family, and Dale was the only child. His father had died when he was very young, and his mother had fairly idolized him till she was snatched suddenly away by fever. Dale had then come to New York, with an income inherited by his uncle, large enough to support him without his doing anything. His taste for drink had been inherited from his paternal grandfather.

I spent the afternoon in unpacking my satchel and writing letters to Cincinnati. In these I was very frank.

I told of my illness, of the difficulty of obtaining a situation, mentioned the incident of Archie Boyd and how it had led to my obtaining my present singular employment in a theater. Then I counted up my money in hand and discovered that I had just nine dollars and thirty two cents.

"It will be tight squeezing to save up for that trunk," I reflected, "but I am bound to do it."

I did not take a walk in Bryant Park that night. I felt as though I never wanted to look at the place again. I went to bed early, after practicing a few tricks in my room.

The next morning's rehearsal was a very thorough one. I discovered then that I was expected to come on the stage aboard quite an elaborate barge, in company with Mr. Cooper and a regular retinue. This entrance was practiced several times before it suited the stage manager.

Then there was lots to be done to make the part the rest of the company took in my tricks run smoothly. For instance, two or three would start forward at once to give their hats or scarfs, and this all had to be straightened out.

I was pretty well worn out when the thing was over, and was thankful that Sunday intervened before the first performance. Both Mr. Dempster and the stage manager seemed to fear that I would be attacked by stage fright, and when I reflected on the involved nature of my duties, I began to quake myself.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE BOYS IN THE BOX.

HERE were no rehearsals on Monday, and I passed the day in such a state of nervous excitement that one would have thought I was to sustain the principal rôle in the piece. I reported at the theater in the afternoon to try on my costume, and found two letters for me, one from Cameron, written on the Pennsylvania Limited *en route* to Chicago, the other from Howard Farrington, announcing that his family was to come in to the first performance of the opera that night to occupy Mr. Dempster's box.

"And we want you to come and take

dinner with us at the Normandie at six," the latter went on. "Be sure to come. You'll find Al and me watching for you from the reading room."

I was very glad to accept this invitation, although I was afraid the Farrington's would find me but poor company on such an occasion. But the boys made things easy for me; they asked so many questions about how things were behind the scenes that I did not find it necessary to do anything but answer them.

"Now be sure and look at us at least once," Al reminded me, when we parted in the lobby of the theater.

"Yes; I'll look there," I said, "but I'll probably be too scared to see anything."

And I was. When I climbed up to my place in the barge of state, my knees fairly smote together, and by the time we emerged into the glare of the stage I was so bedazzled that for a minute I could not make out where to put my foot in disembarking. The one thing that sustained me was the fact that there was such a crowd about me that I probably wouldn't be noticed.

So I endeavored to go through with my performance just as if nobody was there to see, and not until I was all through had ranged myself in line with the cannibals to join in the grand *finale* to the act did I venture to raise my eyes to the right hand box.

Yes, there was Al peering steadily at me through the opera glass. I smiled, whereupon he waved his programme in triumph and began to try to point me out to his mother. She seemed to have a hard time finding me. I wondered if it was owing to the paint with which my face was daubed.

I had squirmed considerably under this operation, but was told it was necessary unless I wanted to look like a death's head. I must admit that the rouge made me look more like my old self, as I had been before my illness.

I had agreed to meet the Farringtons again after the play to go with them to supper, and they all told me that I had done splendidly. The opera itself was a great success, but I looked in vain through the next morning's papers for any mention of my humble share in making it such. But Mr. Dempster and the stage manager seemed to be satisfied with me, and I felt that this was all I could expect.

Whether I was satisfied with myself or not was an altogether different matter. In fact I was so dissatisfied with the whole thing that I hated to think about it.

To be sure, I was earning more money than I had expected to make when I first came to New York, but then it was in a very ephemeral way, and what sort of a future did it map out for me?

Still, I felt that I ought to be thankful for obtaining any sort of employment after the experience I had had. I had told Mrs. Max of the nature of my occupation soon after my return. She had seemed a little surprised, nothing more. I did not ask her not to tell anybody in the house; in fact I did not care one way or the other. I intended to get out of the business as soon as I possibly could, and meantime I felt that it was my own affair.

The large lady with the daughters evidently did not know my occupation.

"Your office must be near at hand, Mr. Brooke," she said one day, "to enable you to come home to lunch."

"It is not very far off," I answered briefly.

As a matter of fact the days dragged weary for me. I slept as late as I dared in the morning, and then regularly after breakfast went through the Want advertisements in all the papers in search of a position. I knew that a

clerkship would not interfere with my duties at the theater, while the addition to my income would be most welcome. But very few of the situations were such as I could fill, and these few I could not seem to get.

After my fruitless quests I spent the remainder of the days in taking long walks of exploration through the city and suburbs. I could not afford to ride—and in the evenings as soon as I was through at the theater, I was tired enough to go to bed.

A letter received from my aunt expressed the deepest concern on hearing of my illness. She passed lightly over the nature of my employment. Saying she was sorry I had not been able to retain my place with the La Farges, as in that event they would have had the pleasure of seeing me in Cincinnati during the autumn. I could read between the lines regret at my having made a connection with the theatrical profession, and this strengthened my determination to get something else to do as quickly as possible. But, as I have said, nothing seemed to come in my way, and at the end of three weeks the only thing on which I could congratulate myself was on having saved enough to get my trunk away from that hotel. At least I would have enough when salaries were paid that Saturday night.

I decided that I would go around to the hotel the first thing Monday morning. You who have not been placed in just such a position cannot imagine with what pleasure I looked forward to once more having my entire wardrobe under my control.

I was thinking about it during the *finale* of my act at the *matinée*, and threw more than my usual force into the singing. I had by this time grown so accustomed to the stage that when I was through with my tricks I glanced around at the portions of the audience I could most easily see and took real pleasure in studying the expression of the faces of those nearest me.

On this occasion I happened to glance at the upper left hand box, and met an opera glass leveled squarely at me. It was held in the hands of a small boy, who seemed greatly excited, and presently passed it to another small boy beside him, who bobbed his head violently.

The faces of both boys seemed familiar, but at first I could not remember where I had seen them. Then, just before the curtain went down, it flashed across me that they were the youngsters whom I had intercepted on their runaway trip the day I fell ill.

I nodded my head and smiled, whereas the boys clapped their hands and turned to talk excitedly to the lady with them, whom I now saw was their stepmother. Then the act drop fell and I hurried off to change my costume.

As I was leaving the theater, Donaldson, the doorkeeper, touched me on the arm and held a slip of paper toward me.

"I guess this must be for you," he said. "I was told to give it to the feller what did the tricks."

I took the scrap—it was a half page of the Boulevard's programme—and in a blank space left underneath a piano advertisement a few lines were written in pencil, in real schoolboy characters. This is how the queer note ran:

You remember Tad and me, don't you, when you took us home to Brooklyn that time? Well, papa has wanted to find you ever since, but we didn't know your name or where you lived. And now mamma says won't you come over to see us—405 Columbia Heights—tomorrow afternoon at 4:30.

REX BRINTON.

I had quite forgotten about the Brintons—till I saw the boys in the box that afternoon—but it seems they had not forgotten me. It was really very kind

of them to ask me to call—after they had seen me on the stage too. I wondered what they wanted of me. Doubtless Mr. Brinton wished simply to thank me for bringing back his boys. I remembered now how hastily I had left the house that afternoon.

I would certainly accept the invitation. The boys were nice little fellows, and I must have made quite an impression on them to enable them to pick me out among that throng on the stage.

The next morning I went to the little church which reminded me so strongly of the one I used to attend in Lynnhurst, but somehow the association did not sadden me as it had on the previous occasion. I wonder now if this was owing to a premonition of what was to result from my call at the Brintons, where I presented myself at four in the afternoon.

(To be concluded.)

LEADING WORLD'S RECORDS OF ATHLETIC CONTESTS.

THIS is the height of the athletic season and fast times are being constantly chronicled; as all interested in athletic sports and records are eager to know how current performances compare with the existing amateur records, a glance at the best achievements in the principal events on the amateur cinder path will doubtless be welcomed as timely.

RUNNING RECORDS.

50 yds.,	L. E. Myers,	5 1-2 s.
75 "	do	7 3-4 "
100 "	L. H. Cary,	9 1-2 "
220 "	E. H. Pelling,	19 3-5 "
1-4 m.,	H. C. L. Tindall,	48 1-2 "
1-2 "	{ F. J. K. Cross, W. Dohm,	{ 1 m. 54 2-5 "
1 "	W. G. George,	4 m. 18 2-5 "
5 "	do	25 " 7 4-5 "
10 "	do	51 " 20 "

The records of W. G. George are English, the others are world's records held in America. The most notable professional records for the above distances are 5 1-4 s. for 50 yds. and 4 m. 12 3-4 s. for 1 mile—the latter having been made by W. G. George after he ceased to be an amateur. It will be noticed that "even time" (1 yd. per s.) begins with 75 yds. and ends with 220 yds.

WALKING RECORDS.

1 m.,	F. P. Murray,	6 m. 29 3-5 s.
2 "	do	13 " 48 3-5 "
3 "	do	21 " 9 1-5 "
4 "	W. H. Meek,	29 " 10 "
5 "	H. H. Curtis,	37 " 17 "
10 "	C. W. V. Clarke,	1 h. 17 " 53 1-2 "
15 "	T. Griffith,	2 " 00 " 27 "
20 "	W. E. N. Coston,	3 " 00 " 9 "
25 "	do	3 " 53 " 35 "

Messrs. Murray and Meek are Americans, but of the above records Murray's only are American records, as Meek's was made in England, and the others named are Englishmen. The best American records are nearly all a few seconds behind the best English figures, but these in turn are much further behind the best professional performances, which, too, go to the credit of the English.

JUMPING RECORDS.

Running { M. W. Ford, { 23 ft. 33-4 in

Long Jump { E. Davies, {

Running { W. Byrd Page, 6 ft. 4 "

High Jump { S. Crook, 5 " 11-2 "

Pole Vault { E. L. Stones, 11 " 7 "

for Height, {

America and England share the honors of the running long jump—Ford tying the Englishman. Page, the phenomenon, broke a record that was untouched for years, and this last one can only be broken by a newer and greater wonder. Page was not over 5 ft. 10 in. in height,

and his performances were wonderful to see. The standing jump holds the record in this country; the pole vault, in England.

RECORDS OF PUTTING THE SHOT.

16 lbs.,	G. R. Grey,	46 ft. 7 3-4 in.
24 "	W. Real,	36 " 8 1-2 "
28 "	do	23 " 9 1-2 "
56 "	J. S. Mitchell,	35 " 3 1-2 "

The above records are all held by Americans, but the 28 lbs. was made in Ireland, and therefore does not belong to us. The 16 lb. record is that of a put from a 7 foot circle; the English method is to put with a 7 foot run, which is seldom done here; but Grey has beaten even the best English professional figures for a put in their own style, holding a world's record of 46 ft.

RECORDS OF THROWING THE HAMMER.

12 lbs.,	C. A. J. Queck- berner,	116 ft. 4 in.
16 "	J. S. Mitchell,	139 " 2 "
21 "	C. A. J. Queck- berner,	82 " 3 1-2 "

These records all belong on this side of the water; the English throw is always made with a run, ours being a standing throw, so that there is no basis of comparison between the two countries.

BICYCLING RECORDS.

ORDINARY.

1-4 m.,	E. C. Anthony,	32 3-5 s.
1-2 "	W. W. Windle,	1 m. 10 4-5 "
3-4 "	do	1 " 49 3-5 "
5 "	do	2 " 25 3-5 "
2 "	F. J. Osmond,	5 " 12 1-5 "
75 "	W. A. Rowe,	8 " 07 2-5 "
100 "	F. J. Osmond,	11 " 05 2-5 "
120 "	A. B. Rich,	13 " 51 3-5 "
1-4 m.,	F. J. Osmond,	28 " 04 3-5 "
1-2 "	W. A. Rowe,	43 " 20 1-5 "
20 "	do	58 " 20 "
25 "	P. Furnival, 1 h. 13 "	49 3-5 "

SAFETY.

1-4 m.,	A. A. Zimmerman,	0 m. 33 3-5 s.
1-2 "	do	1 " 06 3-5 "
3-4 "	W. C. Jones,	1 " 46 1-5 "
5 "	do	2 " 20 3-5 "
2 "	W. F. Murphy,	4 " 59 3-5 "
3 "	W. C. Jones,	7 " 38 1-5 "
4 "	do	10 " 18 3-5 "
5 "	A. A. Zimmerman,	12 " 53 4-5 "
10 "	H. Parsons,	26 " 41 4-5 "
15 "	do	40 " 18 2-5 "
20 "	do	53 " 45 2-5 "
25 "	do	1 h. 10 " 05 2-5 "

It will be noticed that, with one exception the safety records are faster than the ordinary. This could not be were it not that the safety is so geared up that one revolution of the pedal gives the driving wheel more than one revolution; on the ordinary one revolution of the pedal means one revolution of the wheel. If the safety were not so geared, its speed would not approach that of the ordinary, because with the latter the power is applied direct to the driving wheel, while with the former the power is diminished through transmission by the chain; besides the difference in the relative sizes of the driving wheels means to the respective machines the same difference of power and speed as between a small and a large flywheel on an engine.

Of the above record holders, the Americans are: Anthony, Windle, Rowe, Rich, Zimmerman and Murphy; the others are Englishmen. It is, therefore, nip and tuck between the rival nations. Zimmerman is a comparatively new comer, and he is doing phenomenal work, smashing world's figures whenever he can get the best conditions.

SUGGESTIVE.

WARD—"Why did you bite that dollar you loaned to me—to see if it was good?"

RANDALL—"I wasn't biting it; I was kissing it good by."—*Harper's Bazaar*.

OCTOBER.

A HUSH has fallen o'er the autumn days,
The white sail, noiseless, steals away from
shore;
Blue seas spray silvery with mellowing
rush
On rocks steeped through with sunshine.
All the woods,

That meet the happy pathway of the fields.
Find death a rapture, pouring through their
veins
The draught none save immortals can endure.

—HELEN LEE CAREY.

A HITCH IN UNCLE SAM'S MONEY VAULTS.

CHANCE will sometimes accomplish in a moment what "all the king's horses and all the king's men" cannot bring about by half a day of unremitting toil. An instance of this is afforded by an episode, described as follows by the Washington correspondent of a New York paper:

An accident to the lock of the inner door of the vault in the cash room of the United States Treasury caused a temporary suspension of payments in that office the other morning. The vault is opened at nine o'clock every business day, but on this occasion there was a hitch, and it resisted all efforts to open it. It contained about \$18,000,000 in loose funds necessary to the transaction of the current business of the department. When nearly an hour had been spent in vain efforts to move the refractory door, and the creditors in the outer office were increasing in numbers and importunity, a new comer took hold of the door knob, and by a vigorous shaking accidentally brought the combinations in their proper places and the trouble was at an end.

In the meantime a telegram had been sent to a lock expert in Philadelphia to come to Washington at once, and the Treasurer had about concluded to resort to the hitherto sacred funds in the reserve vault. What made the matter worse was that the demands on the Treasury just then were unusually large.

A MASS OF MILLIONAIRES.

ONE of the penalties of being very rich is the notoriety it gives one. A millionaire—his family, his doings, his expenditures—all are the subject of the public curiosity. A writer in the *Troy Times* tells something about the very rich families in New York city.

The most striking feature in modern wealth is the rapid increase in personal property. In old times this was hardly known. For many years this city had but half a dozen banks, and the railroad system had not then been dreamed of. Now, however, we have a class of capitalists whose preference is for personal property. Jay Gould has sixty million dollars thus invested, and the Vanderbilts estate is of twice that amount. Russell Sage's millions are in the same shape, and the record might be almost indefinitely extended. Those who become interested in personal wealth avoid real estate because of its inevitable vexations. They prefer to have their property in a shape that will yield dividends without the trouble of paying taxes and running after rents. The Vanderbilts, for instance, have wealth enough to own a thousand houses, but what a burden such an estate would be to men who are accustomed to receive dividend checks without any greater labor than writing their names!

The real estate lords are the result of habit. The Astors, for instance, find the care of seven thousand houses no greater burden than bank shares, for they have become accustomed to it from early life. Among the prominent real estate names the Astors, of course, take precedence. Then come the Goeltz, the Hendrickses and the Lorillards, together with Hamilton Fish, the Rhinelanders, the A. T. Stewart estate and Amos R. Eno, who is now the oldest real estate operator in America. He is now nearly eighty three, but is as eager as ever for good bargains, and his name was recently called off among the lucky buyers at the real estate exchange. The Astors are the hardest workers among the leading real estate holders, for their rule is to keep their property improved to its highest capacity. They employ several architects, for a man may be an expert in planning stores, while another one is equally expert in dwellings, and for the same reason they employ a number of builders. They have had from forty to sixty buildings going up every year during the past half century.

California wealth has long been felt in Wall Street, but it is only of late years that capitalists came from the land of gold to seek a residence in the metropolis. One reason for this is found in the fact that all values on this continent are estimated by their proximity to New York. The nearer the better; and carrying out this rule the best thing would be residence in the great financial center. In this manner C. P. Huntington, D. O. Mills, together with Dillon and others, have come hither and formed a new power in Wall Street. The oil kings, led by the brothers Rockefeller, are also here with their millions. The Rockefellers got control of all the oil and then tried to

monopolize the sulphuric acid business. Another vast extent of personal property is found in the express business, whose capital is now thirty millions—the leading representatives of which are John Hoey and William B. Dinsmore. Both began poor, but are now worth each his millions, and are accumulating faster than ever.

THE SCIENTIST MUST EAT.

EVEN kings are human and are compelled to descend to the consideration of very earthly and plebeian matters. The following, told by the *San Francisco Argonaut*, demonstrates this, though it is only a scientist, who yet had come down from the lofty heights of his abstruse researches:

A distinguished foreign physician, paying a visit to the Berlin Medical Institute, found Professor Brieger busily at work in the laboratory, surrounded by a most formidable array of chemical and bacteriological utensils. The professor's sole attention and care, however, appeared concentrated on one particular vessel, which was enveloped by smoke and steam. "Guess what I am boiling," said the professor to the visitor. The latter began to enumerate the entire scale of micro-organisms. "Micrococcus?" "No." "Gonococcus?" "No." "Spirocheta?" "No." "What then?" "Hot sausages," replied Brieger.

HE WANTED TO MAKE A HERO.

IT is a very pleasant thing to be looked upon as a hero, and many an ambitious youth has sighed for opportunity to distinguish himself, feeling that this was all that was lacking. But very few have the good luck to find a friend who, like the Peters that figures in the following story, quoted from a contemporary, is willing to make that opportunity to order for them, so to speak.

An old seaman named Peters, stationed on one of the United States cruisers in the North Atlantic squadron, was a man of rough exterior but of a warm heart. Its warmest corner was reserved for a certain young ensign on board the same ship, whom Peters worshiped with unswerving constancy. One day it happened that an unpracticed landsman, while attending to some duty in the rigging, lost his footing and fell into the water. As he was unable to swim, he would probably have drowned had not an officer sprung after him and gallantly held him up until assistance came. A letter from the Secretary of the Navy, commanding in high terms this heroic action, was sent to the brave rescuer and read before the assembled ship's company.

Old Peters viewed the whole proceeding with a feeling of jealousy and, after brooding over the matter some days, he relieved

himself in the following manner. "Mr. Bradley," said he, sidling up to the object of his devotion, "that there letter what the secretary wrote, that's a fine thing for a young man to have. You ought to have one, Mr. Bradley." "Why, yes Peters," said young Bradley, with his pleasant smile. "That letter is undoubtedly, a thing for any fellow to be proud of, but I'm afraid I don't quite see my way to getting one like it."

"Mr. Bradley," answered Peters in a hoarse tone inviting confidence, "tomorrow night, sir, I'll be in the main chains, fassin' with somethin' or nuther. P'raps I'll axerendly fall into the water. Sich things have happened, as yer know, yerself sir. Then, Mr. Bradley, what's to hinder ye from jumping arter me, like your messmate there? I guess ye'd have as good a chance as him for one o' them letters from the secretary." "There's only one difficulty about the plan, Peters," said Bradley, preserving a grave countenance, but inwardly much amused; "unfortunately, you see, I don't know how to swim." "Sho! is that all, sir?" returned Peters undismayed; "that ain't nothin'. I'll hold you up till the boat comes."

A CHILD BUT A SHARP ONE.

A GLIMPSE into the life of the city newsboy is given by the *New York Times*. There are hundreds of them as young as this one, and from these ranks a few—a very few—have grown up to become wealthy or famous; but on most, their vicious surroundings make their mark.

The boy was not more than two and a half feet high. But he was intelligent and energetic, and he hawked his newspapers with a zeal that would have been creditable to a high proof drummer. He was not unmindful of his dignity, and when one Broad Street purchaser accompanied his tender of payment for a newspaper with chaffing remarks the brisk little fellow embarrassed him with a sharp glance from two snapping black eyes, remarking the while: "Here is your change, sir. I have no time for fooling."

"Keep the change," said the purchaser, dropping the facetious and assuming a serious air. "Will you tell me how long you have been selling papers?"

"I have been in the newspaper business three years," replied the diminutive merchant, somewhat coldly.

"Three years!" exclaimed the man with unfeigned surprise, "why, my lad, you do not look big enough to carry a bundle of papers."

"Notwithstanding," said the mite, with unruled dignity, "I have been in this business for three years, and for two years before I sold papers I was in the clothing business."

"Is it possible?" commented the questioner with increased surprise. "See here, my little fellow, how old are you?"

"Nine years old," calmly responded the little fellow. "I had to get out and hustle to help support the family when I was four years old. I belong to a family who waste no time."

The lad spoke the truth. He was born in East Broadway and went to work in his father's clothing store when but four years old as a cash boy. And there are many more like him in this large and progressive town.

CORRESPONDENCE.

B. G., Trenton, N. J. Your question is unanswered, as it is a matter of personal opinion or prejudice.

L. D., Cincinnati, O. You can doubtless find a dog fancier in your own city who will give you all the required information.

G. H., Hanover, Pa. Stories must be written on one side of the paper for the convenience of the compositor. A serial story is always submitted entire.

O. S., Elgin, Ill. Your letters were duly forwarded. We are not aware of the reasons for the nonattention they received. The numbers asked for are out of print.

E. B., New York City. 1. We hope to publish a story by the author named. 2. The current special articles on athletic matters will probably be found to cover your suggestion.

O. R. H., Toledo, O. 1. We would prefer to sell the volumes mentioned in bound form. 2. There are thirteen numbers in Vol. XII, because at that point the size of THE ARGOSY was changed.

C. J., New York City. 1. We may publish such stories as you mention some time in the future, but cannot say just when. 2. We will give you a copy of bound Vol. XII for two yearly subscriptions.

H. B. W., Salem, N. J. 1. and 2. "Lost in the Slave Land" and "On the Border" are not yet placed. 3. "In a New World" is by Alger; "The Young Ranger," Ellis; "Mystery of Silver Canyon," R. H. Titherington.

COSSACK AND CONVICT. 1. We have never heard of a book devoted to the subject of graceful walking. Thorough physical development is largely conducive to grace. 2. Nothing will make the complexion "white and beautiful." 3. Thorough use of the brush, with possibly a little oil, is the best agent to keep the hair smooth. 4. A steam yacht such as you describe would cost many thousands of dollars—as many as you desired. 5. We are unable to say what style of hair is now the fashion.

A DOUBLE FAILURE.

HOW THE TRAMP'S NAP AND JOHNNY'S FISHING WERE SIMULTANEOUSLY INTERRUPTED.



I.
WEARY RAGGS (the Rover)—"This is just the place I'm lookin' for."



II.
"I've been sufferin' for want of sleep, an' now I kin have a bully nap."



III.
JOHNNY TAGGS—"This is just the place I'm lookin' for."



IV.
"There's splendid fishing here, and these sacks are bully to sit on."



V.
But just then Weary Raggs awoke. He thought it was a nightmare, but Johnny Taggs thought it was a violent earthquake.

